



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

415, 8, 19.5

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



FROM THE LIBRARY OF
EDWIN WILLIAM FRIEND

DECEMBER 10, 1936



EACH VOLUME SOLD SEPARATELY.



**COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS**

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 3689.

THE FIVE NATIONS.

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING.

I N O N E V O L U M E .

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

PARIS: LIBRAIRIE C. REINWALD, 15, RUE DES SAINTS-PÈRES.

**PARIS: THE GALIGNANI LIBRARY, 224, RUE DE RIVOLI,
AND AT NICE, 8, AVENUE MASSÉNA.**



*The Copyright of this Collection
purchased for Continental Circulation only, and the volumes ma-
therefore not be introduced into Great Britain or her Colonies.*

(See also pp. 3-6 of Large Catalogue.)



224.5, 8, 19.5

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 3689.

THE FIVE NATIONS. BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

IN ONE VOLUME.

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

By the same Author,

PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS	1 vol.
THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK	1 vol.
THE SEVEN SEAS	1 vol.
"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS".	1 vol.
THE DAY'S WORK	1 vol.
A FLEET IN BEING	1 vol.
STALKY & CO.	1 vol.
FROM SEA TO SEA	2 vols.
THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT, AND OTHER SKETCHES	1 vol.
KIM	1 vol.
JUST SO STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN (ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR)	1 vol.

10-11-12

THE FIVE NATIONS

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

AUTHOR OF "PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS," "STALKY & CO.,"
"KIM," ETC. ETC.

COPYRIGHT EDITION

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1903.

22415.8, 19.5

✓

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
EDWIN WILLIAM FRIEND
DECEMBER 10, 1936

DEDICATION.

Before a midnight breaks in storm,
Or herded sea in wrath,
Ye know what wavering gusts inform
The greater tempest's path;
Till the loosed wind
Drive all from mind,
Except Distress, which, so will prophets cry,
O'ercame them, houseless, from the unhinting sky.

Ere rivers league against the land
In piracy of flood,
Ye know what waters slip and stand
Where seldom water stood.
Yet who will note,
Till fields afloat,
And washen carcass and the returning well,
Trumpet what these poor heralds strove to tell?

Ye know who use the Crystal Ball
(To peer by stealth on Doom),
The Shade that, shaping first of all,
Prepares an empty room.
Then doth It pass
Like breath from glass,
But, on the extorted vision bowed intent,
No man considers why It came or went.

Before the years reborn behold
Themselves with stranger eye,
And the sport-making Gods of old,
Like Samson slaying, die,
Many shall hear
The all-pregnant sphere,
Bow to the birth and sweat, but—speech denied—
Sit dumb or—dealt in part—fall weak and wide.

Yet instant to fore-shadowed need
The eternal balance swings;
That winged men the Fates may breed
So soon as Fate hath wings.
These shall possess
Our littleness,
And in the imperial task (as worthy) lay
Up our lives' all to piece one giant day.

CONTENTS.

	Page
DEDICATION.	
<i>Before a midnight breaks in storm</i>	5

THE FIVE NATIONS.

THE SEA AND THE HILLS.

Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water unbounded	17
--	----

THE BELL BUOY.

They christened my brother of old	20
---	----

CRUISERS.

As our mother the Frigate, bepainted and fine . . .	25
---	----

THE DESTROYERS.

<i>The strength of twice three thousand horse . .</i>	29
---	----

	Page
WHITE HORSES.	
<i>Where run your colts at pasture</i>	33
THE SECOND VOYAGE.	
We've sent our little Cupids all ashore	38
THE DYKES.	
We have no heart for the fishing, we have no hand for the oar	41
THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ.	
The God of Fair Beginnings	46
THE BROKEN MEN.	
For things we never mention	52
THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN.	
Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunt- ing Winds are loose	56
THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR.	
Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless white men go	63
THE OLD MEN.	
<i>This is our lot if we live so long and labour unto the end</i>	69

CONTENTS.

9

Page

THE EXPLORER.

"There's no sense in going further—it's the edge of
cultivation" 72

THE WAGE-SLAVES.

Oh glorious are the guarded heights 80

✓THE BURIAL.

When that great Kings return to clay 84

✓GENERAL JOUBERT.

With those that bred, with those that loosed the
strife 86

✓THE PALACE.

When I was a King and a Mason—a Master proven
and skilled 87

SUSSEX.

God gave all men all earth to love 90

SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN.

When the darkened Fifties dip to the North . . . 95

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA.

Oh ye who tread the Narrow Way 98

	<i>Page</i>
✓ THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.	
Take up the White Man's burden	101
PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT.	
Said England unto Pharaoh, "I must make a man of you"	104
OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.	
A Nation spoke to a Nation	110
"ET DONA FERENTES."	
In extended observation of the ways and works of man	113
KITCHENER'S SCHOOL.	
Oh Hubshee, carry your shoes in your hand and bow your head on your breast	118
THE YOUNG QUEEN.	
Her hand was still on her sword-hilt, the spur was still on her heel	123
RIMMON.	
Duly with knees that feign to quake	128
THE OLD ISSUE.	
<i>"Here is nothing new nor aught unproven," say the Trumpets</i>	<i>132</i>

CONTENTS.

11

Page

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO.

Sudden the desert changes 138

THE LESSON.

*Let us admit it fairly, as a business people
should* 142

THE FILES.

Files 146

THE REFORMERS.

Not in the camp his victory lies 151

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS.

Who recalls the twilight and the ranged tents in
order 154

THE ISLANDERS.

*No doubt but ye are the People—your throne is
above the King's* 159

THE PEACE OF DIVES.

The Word came down to Dives in Torment where
he lay 167

SOUTH AFRICA.

Lived a woman wonderful 176

	Page
THE SETTLER.	
Here, where my fresh-turned furrows run	180
 SERVICE SONGS.	
CHANT-PAGAN.	
Me that 'ave been what I've been	185
 M. I.	
I wish my mother could see me now, with a fence- post under my arm	190
 COLUMNS.	
Out o' the wilderness, dusty an' dry	198
 THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS.	
We've rode and fought and ate and drunk as rations come to hand	203
 TWO KOPJES.	
Only two African kopjes	207
 THE INSTRUCTOR.	
At times when under cover I 'ave said	211

CONTENTS.

13

Page

BOOTS.

We're foot — slog — slog — slog — sloggin' over_

Africa 213

THE MARRIED MAN.

The bachelor 'e fights for one 216

LICHTENBERG.

Smells are surer than sounds or sights 220

STELLENBOSH.

The General 'eard the firin' on the flank 223

HALF-BALLAD OF WATERVAL.

When by the labour of my 'ands 227

PIET.

I do not love my Empire's foes 229

"WILFUL-MISSING."

There is a world outside the one you know 234

UBIQUE.

There is a word you often see, pronounce it as you

may 237

	Page
THE RETURN.	
Peace is declared, an' I return	241
✓ RECESSIONAL.	
God of our fathers, known of old	245

THE FIVE NATIONS.

THE SEA AND THE HILLS.

WHO hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water
unbounded—

The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash
of the comber wind-hounded?

The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foamless,
enormous, and growing—

Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed
hurricane blowing—

His Sea in no showing the same—his Sea and the
same 'neath each showing—

His Sea as she slackens or thrills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen
desire their Hills!

Who hath desired the Sea?—the immense and con-
temptuous surges?

The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star-
stabbing bowsprit emerges?

The orderly clouds of the Trades, and the ridged,
roaring sapphire thereunder—

Unheralded cliff-haunting flaws and the headsail's
low-volleying thunder—

His Sea in no wonder the same—his Sea and the
same through each wonder:

His Sea as she rages or stills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen
desire their Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her menaces swift as
her mercies,

The in-rolling walls of the fog and the silver-winged
breeze that disperses?

The unstable mined berg going South and the
calvings and groans that declare it;

White water half-guessed overside and the moon
breaking timely to bear it;

His Sea as his fathers have dared—his Sea as his
children shall dare it—

His Sea as she serves him or kills?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen
desire their Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her excellent loneliness
rather
Than forecourts of kings, and her outermost pits than
the streets where men gather
Inland, among dust, under trees—inland where the
slayer may slay him
Inland, out of reach of her arms, and the bosom
whereon he must lay him—
His Sea at the first that betrayed—at the last that
shall never betray him—

His Sea that his being fulfils?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen
desire their Hills.

THE BELL BUOY.

THEY christened my brother of old—

And a saintly name he bears—

They gave him his place to hold

At the head of the belfry-stairs,

Where the minster-towers stand

And the breeding kestrels cry.

Would I change with my brother a lea
inland?

(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not I!

In the flush of the hot June prime,

O'er smooth flood-tides afire,

I hear him hurry the chime

To the bidding of checked Desire;

Till the sweated ringers tire

And the wild bob-majors die.

Could I wait for my turn in the godly choir?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

When the smoking scud is blown,

When the greasy wind-rack lowers,

Apart and at peace and alone,

He counts the changeless hours.

He wars with darkling Powers

(I war with a darkling sea);

Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not he!

There was never a priest to pray,

There was never a hand to toll,

When they made me guard of the bay,

And moored me over the shoal.

I rock, I reel, and I roll—

My four great hammers ply—

Could I speak or be still at the Church's will?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

The landward marks have failed,
The fog-bank glides unguessed,
The seaward lights are veiled,
The spent deep feigns her rest:
But my ear is laid to her breast,
I lift to the swell—I cry!
Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

At the careless end of night
I thrill to the nearing screw;
I turn in the nearing light
And I call to the drowsy crew;
And the mud boils foul and blue
As the blind bow backs away.
Will they give me their thanks if they clear the
banks?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not they!

The beach-pools cake and skim,
The bursting spray-heads freeze,
I gather on crown and rim

The grey, grained ice of the seas,
Where, sheathed from bitt to trees,
The plunging colliers lie.

Would I barter my place for the Church's grace?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

Through the blur of the whirling snow,
Or the black of the inky sleet,
The lanterns gather and grow,
And I look for the homeward fleet.

Rattle of block and sheet—
"Ready about—stand by!"
Shall I ask them a fee ere they fetch the
quay?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

I dip and I surge and I swing
In the rip of the racing tide,
By the gates of doom I sing,
On the horns of death I ride.
A ship-length overside,

Between the course and the sand,

Fretted and bound I bide

Peril whereof I cry.

Would I change with my brother a league
land?

(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not I!

CRUISERS.

As our mother the Frigate, bepainted and fine,
Made play for her bully the Ship of the Line;
So we, her bold daughters by iron and fire,
Accost and decoy to our masters' desire.

Now pray you consider what toils we endure,
Night-walking wet sea-lanes, a guard and a lure;
Since half of our trade is that same pretty sort
As mettlesome wenches do practise in port.

For this is our office: to spy and make room,
As hiding yet guiding the foe to their doom;
Surrounding, confounding, to bait and betray
And tempt them to battle the seas' width away.

The pot-bellied merchant foreboding no wrong
With headlight and sidelight he lieth along,
Till, lightless and lightfoot and lurking, leap we
To force him discover his business by sea.

And when we have wakened the lust of a foe,
To draw him by flight toward our bullies we go,
Till, 'ware of strange smoke stealing nearer, he flies—
Or our bullies close in for to make him good prize.

So, when we have spied on the path of their host,
One flieth to carry that word to the coast;
And, lest by false doubling they turn and go free,
One lieth behind them to follow and see.

Anon we return, being gathered again,
Across the sad valleys all drabbled with rain—
Across the grey ridges all crisped and curled—
To join the long dance round the curve of the world

The bitter salt spindrift: the sun-glare likewise:
The moon-track a-quiver bewilders our eyes,

Where, linking and lifting, our sisters we hail
Twixt wrench of cross-surges or plunge of head-gale.

As maidens awaiting the bride to come forth
Make play with light jestings and wit of no worth,
So, widdershins circling the bride-bed of death,
Each fleereth her neighbour and signeth and saith:—

“What see ye? Their signals, or levin afar?

“What hear ye? God’s thunder, or guns of our war?

“What mark ye? Their smoke, or the cloud-rack
outblown?

“What chase ye? Their lights, or the Daystar low
down?”

So, times past all number deceived by false shows,
Deceiving we cumber the road of our foes,
For this is our virtue: to track and betray;
Preparing great battles a sea’s width away.

*Now peace is at end and our peoples take heart,
For the laws are clean gone that restrained our art;*

*Up and down the near headlands and against the /
wind*

*We are loosed (Oh be swift!) to the work of our
kind!*

THE DESTROYERS.

*The strength of twice three thousand horse
That seek the single goal;
The line that holds the rending course,
The hate that swings the whole:
The stripped hulls, slinking through the gloom,
At gaze and gone again—
The Brides of Death that wait the groom—
The Choosers of the Slain!*

Offshore where sea and skyline blend
In rain, the daylight dies;
The sullen, shouldering swells attend
Night and our sacrifice.
Adown the stricken capes no flare—
No mark on spit or bar,—
Girdled and desperate we dare
The blindfold game of war.

Nearer the up-flung beams that spell
The council of our foes;
Clearer the barking guns that tell
Their scattered flank to close.
Sheer to the trap they crowd their way
From ports for this unbarred.
Quiet, and count our laden prey,
The convoy and her guard!

On shoal with scarce a foot below,
Where rock and islet throng,
Hidden and hushed we watch them throw
Their anxious lights along.
Not here, not here your danger lies—
(Stare hard, Oh hooded eyne!)
Save where the dazed rock-pigeons rise
The lit cliffs give no sign.

Therefore—to break the rest ye seek,
The Narrow Seas to clear—
Hark to the siren's whimpering shriek—
The driven death is here!

Look to your van a league away,—
What midnight terror stays
The bulk that checks against the spray
Her crackling tops ablaze?

Hit, and hard hit! The blow went home,
The muffled, knocking stroke—
The steam that overruns the foam—
The foam that thins to smoke—
The smoke that clokes the deep aboil—
The deep that chokes her throes
Till, streaked with ash and sleeked with oil,
The lukewarm whirlpools close!

A shadow down the sickened wave
Long since her slayer fled:
But hear their chattering quick-fires rave
Astern, abeam, ahead!
Panic that shells the drifting spar—
Loud waste with none to check—
Mad fear that rakes a scornful star
Or sweeps a consort's deck!

Now, while their silly smoke hangs thick,
Now ere their wits they find,
Lay in and lance them to the quick—
Our gallied whales are blind!
Good luck to those that see the end,
Good-bye to those that drown—
For each his chance as chance shall send—
And God for all! *Shut down!*

*The strength of twice three thousand horse
That serve the one command;
The hand that heaves the headlong force,
The hate that backs the hand:
The doom-bolt in the darkness freed,
The mine that splits the main:
The white-hot wake, the 'wildering speed—
The Choosers of the Slain!*

WHITE HORSES.

Where run your colts at pasture?

Where hide your mares to breed?

'Mid bergs about the Ice-cap

Or wove Sargasso weed;

By chartless reef and channel,

Or crafty coastwise bars,

But most the ocean-meadows

All purple to the stars!

Who holds the rein upon you?

The latest gale let free.

What meat is in your mangers?

The glut of all the sea.

'Twixt tide and tide's returning

Great store of newly dead,—

The bones of those that faced us,

And the hearts of those that fled.

Afar, off-shore and single,
Some stallion, rearing swift,
Neighs hungry for new fodder,
And calls us to the drift.
Then down the cloven ridges—
A million hooves unshod—
Break forth the mad White Horses
To seek their meat from God!

Girth-deep in hissing water
Our furious vanguard strains—
Through mist of mighty tramlings
Roll up the fore-blown manes—
A hundred leagues to leeward,
Ere yet the deep is stirred,
The groaning rollers carry
The coming of the herd!

*Whose hand may grip your nostrils—
Your forelock who may hold?*
E'en they that use the broads with us—
The riders bred and bold,

That spy upon our matings,
That rope us where we run—
They know the strong White Horses
From father unto son.

We breathe about their cradles,
We race their babes ashore,
We snuff against their thresholds,
We nuzzle at their door;
By day with stamping squadrons,
By night in whinnying droves,
Creep up the wise White Horses,
To call them from their loves.

And come they for your calling?
No wit of man may save.
They hear the loosed White Horses
Above their father's grave;
And, kin of those we crippled,
And, sons of those we slew,
Spur down the wild white riders
To school the herds anew.

What service have ye paid them,

Oh jealous steeds and strong?

Save we that throw their weaklings,

Is none dare work them wrong;

While thick around the homestead

Our snow-backed leaders graze—

A guard behind their plunder,

And a veil before their ways.

With march and countermarchings—

With weight of wheeling hosts—

Stray mob or bands embattled—

We ring the chosen coasts:

And, careless of our clamour

That bids the stranger fly,

At peace within our pickets

The wild white riders lie.

Trust ye the curdled hollows—

Trust ye the neighing wind—

Trust ye the moaning groundswell—

Our herds are close behind!

To bray your foeman's armies—
 To chill and snap his sword—
Trust ye the wild White Horses,
 The Horses of the Lord!

THE SECOND VOYAGE.

WE'VE sent our little Cupids all ashore—

They were frightened, they were tired, they were
cold;

Our sails of silk and purple go to store,

And we've cut away our mast of beaten gold
(Foul weather!)

Oh 'tis hemp and singing pine for to stand against
the brine,

But Love he is the master as of old!

The sea has shorn our galleries away,

The salt has soiled our gilding past remede;
Our paint is flaked and blistered by the spray,
Our sides are half a fathom furred in weed
(Foul weather!)

And the doves of Venus fled and the petrels came
instead,

But Love he was our master at our need!

'Was Youth would keep no vigil at the bow,

'Was Pleasure at the helm too drunk to steer—

We've shipped three able quartermasters now,

Men call them Custom, Reverence, and Fear

(Foul weather!)

They are old and scarred and plain, but we'll run
no risk again

From any Port o' Paphos mutineer!

We seek no more the tempest for delight,

We skirt no more the indraught and the shoal—

We ask no more of any day or night

Than to come with least adventure to our goal

(Foul weather!)

What we find we needs must brook, but we do not
go to look,

Nor tempt the Lord our God that saved us
whole!

Yet, caring so, not overly we care

To brace and trim for every foolish blast,
If the squall be pleased to sweep us unaware,
He may bellow off to leeward like the last

(Foul weather!)

We will blame it on the deep (for the watch must
have their sleep),

And Love can come and wake us when 'tis past.

Oh launch them down with music from the beach,

Oh warp them out with garlands from the quays—
Most resolute—a damsel unto each—

New prows that seek the old Hesperides!

(Foul weather!)

Though we know the voyage is vain, yet we see our
path again

In the saffroned bridesails scenting all the seas!

(Foul weather!)

THE DYKES.

WE have no heart for the fishing, we have no hand
for the oar—

All that our fathers taught us of old pleases us now
no more;

All that our own hearts bid us believe we doubt
where we do not deny—

There is no proof in the bread we eat or rest in the
toil we ply.

Look you, our foreshore stretches far through sea-
gate, dyke, and groin—

Made land all, that our fathers made, where the flats
and the fairway join.

They forced the sea a sea-league back. They died,
and their work stood fast.

We were born to peace in the lee of the dykes, but
the time of our peace is past.

Far off, the full tide clambers and slips, mouthings
and testing all,
Nipping the flanks of the water-gates, baying along
the wall;
Turning the shingle, returning the shingle, changing
the set of the sand . . .
We are too far from the beach, men say, to know
how the outworks stand.

So we come down, uneasy, to look, uneasily pacing
the beach.
These are the dykes our fathers made: we have never
known a breach.
Time and again has the gale blown by and we were
not afraid;
Now we come only to look at the dykes—at the
dykes our fathers made.

O'er the marsh where the homesteads cower apart
the harried sunlight flies,
Shifts and considers, wanes and recovers, scatters
and sickens and dies—

An evil ember bedded in ash—a spark blown west
by the wind . . .

We are surrendered to night and the sea—the gale
and the tide behind!

At the bridge of the lower saltings the cattle gather
and blare,

Roused by the feet of running men, dazed by the
lantern glare.

Unbar and let them away for their lives—the levels
drown as they stand,

Where the flood-wash forces the sluices aback and
the ditches deliver inland.

Ninefold deep to the top of the dykes the galloping
breakers stride,

And their overcarried spray is a sea—a sea on the
landward side.

Coming, like stallions they paw with their hooves,
going they snatch with their teeth,

Till the bents and the furze and the sand are dragged
out, and the old-time wattles beneath!

Bid men gather fuel for fire, the tar and the oil and
the tow—

Flame we shall need, not smoke, in the dark if the
riddled seabanks go.

Bid the ringers watch in the tower (who knows what
the dawn shall prove?)

Each with his rope between his feet and the trem-
bling bells above.

Now we can only wait till the day, wait and appor-
tion our shame.

These are the dykes our fathers left, but we would
not look to the same.

Time and again were we warned of the dykes, time
and again we delayed:

Now, it may fall, we have slain our sons as our
fathers we have betrayed.

Walking along the wreck of the dykes, watching the
work of the seas,

These were the dykes our fathers made to our great
profit and ease;

But the peace is gone and the profit is gone, and the
old sure day withdrawn . . .

That our own houses show as strange when we come
back in the dawn!

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

THE God of Fair Beginnings

Hath prospered here my hand—

The cargoes of my lading,

And the keels of my command.

For out of many ventures

That sailed with hope as high,

My own have made the better trade,

And Admiral am I!

To me my King's much honour,

To me my people's love—

To me the pride of Princes

And power all pride above;

To me the shouting cities,

To me the mob's refrain:—

“Who knows not noble Valdez,

Hath never heard of Spain.”

But I remember comrades—
 Old playmates on new seas—
Whereas we traded orpiment
 Among the savages—
A thousand leagues to south'ard
 And thirty years removed—
They knew not noble Valdez,
 But me they knew and loved.

Then they that found good liquor,
 They drank it not alone,
And they that found fair plunder,
 They told us every one,
About our chosen islands
 Or secret shoals between,
When, walty from far voyage,
• We gathered to careen.

There burned our breaming-fagots
 All pale along the shore:
There rose our worn pavilions—
 A sail above an oar:

As flashed each yearning anchor
Through mellow seas afire,
So swift our careless captains
Rowed each to his desire.

Where lay our loosened harness?
Where turned our naked feet?
Whose tavern 'mid the palm-trees?
What quenchings of what heat?
Oh fountain in the desert!
Oh cistern in the waste!
Oh bread we ate in secret!
Oh cup we spilled in haste!

The youth new-taught of longing,
The widow curbed and wan—
The goodwife proud at season,
And the maid aware of man;
All souls unslaked, consuming,
Defrauded in delays,
Desire not more their quittance
Than I those forfeit days!

•

I dreamed to wait my pleasure
 Unchanged my spring would bide:
Wherefore, to wait my pleasure,
 I put my spring aside
Till, first in face of Fortune,
 And last in mazed disdain,
I made Diego Valdez
 High Admiral of Spain.

Then walked no wind 'neath Heaven
 Nor surge that did not aid—
I dared extreme occasion,
 Nor ever one betrayed.
They wrought a deeper treason—
 (Led seas that served my needs!)
They sold Diego Valdez
 To bondage of great deeds.

The tempest flung me seaward,
 And pinned and bade me hold
The course I might not alter—
 And men esteemed me bold!

The calms embayed my quarry,
The fog-wreath sealed his eyes;
The dawn-wind brought my topsails—
And men esteemed me wise!

Yet 'spite my tyrant triumphs
Bewildered, dispossessed—
My dream held I before me—
My vision of my rest;
But, crowned by Fleet and People,
And bound by King and Pope—
Stands here Diego Valdez
To rob me of my hope!

No prayer of mine shall move him,
No word of his set free
The Lord of Sixty Pennants
And the Steward of the Sea.
His will can loose ten thousand
To seek their loves again—
But not Diego Valdez,
High Admiral of Spain.

There walks no wind 'neath Heaven
Nor wave that shall restore
The old careening riot
And the clamorous, crowded shore—
The fountain in the desert,
The cistern in the waste,
The bread we ate in secret,
The cup we spilled in haste!

Now call I to my Captains—
For council fly the sign,
Now leap their zealous galleys
Twelve-oared across the brine.
To me the straiter prison,
To me the heavier chain—
To me Diego Valdez,
High Admiral of Spain!

THE BROKEN MEN.

For things we never mention,
For Art misunderstood—
For excellent intention
That did not turn to good;
From ancient tales' renewing,
From clouds we would not clear—
Beyond the Law's pursuing
We fled, and settled here.

We took no tearful leaving,
We bade no long good-byes;
Men talked of crime and thieving,
Men wrote of fraud and lies.
To save our injured feelings
'Twas time and time to go—
Behind was dock and Dartmoor,
Ahead lay Callao!

The widow and the orphan
That pray for ten per cent.,
They clapped their trailers on us
To spy the road we went.
They watched the foreign sailings
(They scan the shipping still),
And that's your Christian people
Returning good for ill!

God bless the thoughtful islands
Where never warrants come!
God bless the just Republics
That give a man a home,
That ask no foolish questions,
But set him on his feet;
And save his wife and daughters
From the workhouse and the street!

On church and square and market
The noonday silence falls;
You'll hear the drowsy mutter
Of the fountain in our halls.

Asleep amid the yuccas
The city takes her ease—
The twilight brings the land-wind
To our clicking jalousies.

Day long the diamond weather,
The high, unaltered blue—
The smell of goats and incense
And the mule-bells tinkling through.
Day long the warder ocean
That keeps us from our kin,
And once a month our levee
When the English mail comes in.

You'll find us up and waiting
To treat you at the bar;
You'll find us less exclusive
Than the average English are.
We'll meet you with our carriage,
Too glad to show you round,
But—we do not lunch on steamers,
For they are English ground.

We sail o' nights to England
And join our smiling Boards;
Our wives go in with Viscounts
And our daughters dance with Lords.
But behind our princely doings,
And behind each coup we make,
We feel there's Something Waiting,
And—we meet It when we wake.

Ah God! One sniff of England—
To greet our flesh and blood—
To hear the hansoms slurring
Once more through London mud!
Our towns of wasted honour—
Our streets of lost delight!
How stands the old Lord Warden?
Are Dover's cliffs still white?

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting
Winds are loose—

Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the
brain;

Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the
whisper of the Trues,

Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!
Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched
the black-tail mating?

Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the
oanuniche is waiting,

Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go away from here!

On the other side the world he's overdue.

*'Send your road is clear before you when the old
Spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you!*

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow
 round the bow,
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the
 crust;
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose
 waits the cow,
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath
 heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's
 feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known de-
 light!

Let him go—go, etc.

I.

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know
that racing stream

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man
may bask and dream

To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels
and traces,

To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the starlight
on our faces,

For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go—go, etc.

II.

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are
steep and short,

Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers ride?

Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of your port

On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?

It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale her—

Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.

He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail and sail her,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

III.

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade—

Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?

Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented glade

When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?

It is there that I am going with my camphor, net, and boxes,

To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-
foxes,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

IV.

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you
know that windy rift

Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and
change?

Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on
frozen drift,

While the head of heads is feeding out of range?
It is there that I am going, where the boulders and
the snow lie,

With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of
Ovis Poli,

And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened — now the
Smokes of Council rise—

Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they
choose—

Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack
their last supplies:

Now our Young Men go to dance before the
Trues!

Who shall meet them at those altars — who shall
light them to that shrine?

Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?
Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor
and sign—

Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath
'neath the Line—

And to each a man that knows his naked
soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting, as a
lover,

Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the
glaring flats discover—

Where the steamer hails the landing, or the sur-
boat brings the rover—

Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . . Quick
ah, heave the camp-kit over!

For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

And we go—go—go away from here!

On the other side the world we're overdue!

'Send the road is clear before you when the old

Spring-fret comes o'er you,

And the Red Gods call for you!

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR.

YEARLY, with tent and rifle, our careless white
men go

By the pass called Muttianee, to shoot in the vale
below.

Yearly by Muttianee he follows our white men in—
Matun, the old blind beggar, bandaged from brow to
chin.

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless—toothless, broken of
speech,

Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles his tale
to each;

Over and over the story, ending as he began:

“Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the Bear that
walks like a man!

“There was a flint in my musket—pricked and
primed was the pan,
When I went hunting Adam-zad—the Bear that
stands like a man.
I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last on
the snow,
When I went hunting Adam-zad fifty summers ago!

“I knew his times and his seasons, as he knew mine,
that fed
By night in the ripened maizefield and robbed my
house of bread;
I knew his strength and cunning, as he knew mine,
that crept
At dawn to the crowded goat-pens and plundered
while I slept.

“Up from his stony playground—down from his well-
digged lair—
Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the Bear;
Groaning, grunting, and roaring, heavy with stolen
meals,

Two long marches to northward, and I was at his
heels!

"Two full marches to northward, at the fall of the
second night,
I came on mine enemy Adam-zad all panting from
his flight.
There was a charge in the musket—pricked and
primed was the pan—
My finger crooked on the trigger—when he reared
up like a man.

"Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in
prayer,
Making his supplication rose Adam-zad the Bear!
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's
swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the
monstrous, pleading thing.

"Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire
then . . .

I have looked no more on women—I have walked
no more with men.

Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands
that pray—

From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped my
face away!

“Sudden, silent, and savage, searing as flame the blow—
Faceless I fell before his feet, fifty summers ago.

I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass
to his den,

He left me blind to the darkened years and the
little mercy of men.

“Now ye go down in the morning with guns of the
newer style,

That load (I have felt) in the middle and range (I
have heard) a mile?

Luck to the white man’s rifle, that shoots so fast and
true,

But—pay, and I lift my bandage and show what the
Bear can do!”

(Flesh like slag in the furnace, knobbed and withered
and grey—

Matun, the old blind beggar, he gives good worth
for his pay).

“Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press
him hard—

Not for his ragings and roarings flinch ye from
Adam-zad.

“But (pay, and I put back the bandage) this is the
time to fear,

When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near
and near;

When he stands up as pleading, in wavering, man-
brute guise,

When he veils the hate and cunning of the little,
swinish eyes;

“When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like
hands in prayer,

That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of
the Bear!”

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a dole at the
door,

Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er and o'er;
Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his hands
at the flame,

Hearing our careless white men talk of the morrow's
game;

Over and over the story, ending as he began:—

*“There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that
looks like a man!”*

THE OLD MEN.

*THIS is our lot if we live so long and labour unto the
end—*

*That we outlive the impatient years and the much too
patient friend:*

*And because we know we have breath in our mouth
and think we have thought in our head,
We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are
really dead.*

We shall not acknowledge that old stars fade or
alien planets arise

(That the sere bush buds or the desert blooms or
the ancient well-head dries),

Or any new compass wherewith new men adventure
'neath new skies.

We shall lift up the ropes that constrained our youth
to bind on our children's hands;
We shall call to the water below the bridges to re-
turn and replenish our lands;
We shall harness horses (Death's own pale horses)
and scholarly plough the sands.

We shall lie down in the eye of the sun for lack of
a light on our way—
We shall rise up when the day is done and chirrup,
"Behold, it is day!"
We shall abide till the battle is won ere we amble
into the fray.

We shall peck out and discuss and dissect, and evert
and extrude to our mind,
The flaccid tissues of long-dead issues offensive to
God and mankind—
(Precisely like vultures over an ox that the Army has
left behind).

We shall make walk preposterous ghosts of the
glories we once created—

(Immodestly smearing from muddled palettes amazing
pigments mismated)

And our friends will weep when we ask them with
boasts if our natural force be abated.

The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out: but we
shall subsist on the smell of it,

And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and
suck our gums and think well of it.

Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work,
And that is the perfectest Hell of it!

*This is our lot if we live so long and listen to those
who love us—*

*That we are shunned by the people about and shamed
by the Powers above us.*

*Wherefore be free of your harness betimes; but being
free be assured,*

*That he who hath not endured to the death, from his
birth he hath never endured!*

THE EXPLORER.

"THERE'S no sense in going further—it's the edge
of cultivation,"

So they said, and I believed it—broke my land
and sowed my crop—

Built my barns and strung my fences in the little
border station

Tucked away below the foothills where the trails
run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable
changes

On one everlasting Whisper day and night re-
peated—so:

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look
behind the Ranges—

"Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and
waiting for you. Go!"

So I went, worn out of patience; 'never told my
nearest neighbours—

Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em drink-
ing in the town;

And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to
help my labours

As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up
and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning
flanks and dodging shoulders,

Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack
of grass;

Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow and
naked boulders—

Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd stumbled
on the Pass.

'Thought to name it for the finder: but that night
the Norther found me—

Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies so I called
the camp Despair.

(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though). Then my
Whisper waked to hound me:—
“Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder.
Go you there!”

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His Hand
was certain o'er me.
Still—it might be self-delusion—scores of better
men had died—
I could reach the township living, but . . . He knows
what terrors tore me . . .
But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the
other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers
turned to aloes,
And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming
stream ran by;
But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the water
drained to shallows—
And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth, and
blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by
them;

I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through
the smoke;

I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone to
try 'em.

"Something lost behind the Ranges," was the only
word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew
it

When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk
I saw.

Very full of dreams that desert: but my two legs took
me through it . . .

And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes
all black and raw.

But at last the country altered—White man's country
past disputing—

Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills
behind—

They that have wrought the end unthought
Be neither saint nor sage,
But men who merely did the work
For which they drew the wage.

Wherefore to these the Fates shall bend
(And all old idle things—)
Wherefore on these shall Power attend
Beyond the grasp of kings:
Each in his place, by right, not grace,
Shall rule his heritage—
The men who simply do the work
For which they draw the wage.

Not such as scorn the loitering street,
Or waste to earn its praise,
Their noontide's unreturning heat
About their morning ways:
But such as dower each mortgaged hour
Alike with clean courage—
Even the men who do the work
For which they draw the wage—

Men like to Gods that do the work
For which they draw the wage—
Begin—continue—close the work
For which they draw the wage!

THE BURIAL.

C. J. RHODES, buried in the Matoppos,
April 10, 1902.

WHEN that great Kings return to clay,
Or Emperors in their pride,
Grief of a day shall fill a day,
Because its creature died.
But we—we reckon not with those
Whom the mere Fates ordain,
This Power that wrought on us and goes
Back to the Power again.

Dreamer devout, by vision led
Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred
Cities in place of speech.

So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—
So brief the term allowed—
Nations, not words, he linked to prove
His faith before the crowd.

It is his will that he look forth
Across the world he won—
The granite of the ancient North—
Great spaces washed with sun.
There shall he patient make his seat
(As when the Death he dared),
And there await a people's feet
In the paths that he prepared.

There, till the vision he foresaw
Splendid and whole arise,
And unimagined Empires draw
To council 'neath his skies,
The immense and brooding Spirit still
Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and dead,
His soul shall be her soul!

GENERAL JOUBERT.

(DIED MARCH 27, 1900).

WITH those that bred, with those that loosed the
strife,

He had no part whose hands were clear of gain;
But subtle, strong, and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a people, sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by exual war made one;
Telling old battles over without hate—
Not least his name shall pass from sire to son.

He may not meet the onswEEP of our van
In the doomed city when we close the score;
Yet o'er his grave—his grave that holds a man—
Our deep-tongued guns shall answer his once
more!

THE PALACE.

WHEN I was a King and a Mason—a Master proven
and skilled—

I cleared me ground for a palace such as a King
should build.

I decreed and dug down to my levels. Presently,
under the silt,

I came on the wreck of a palace such as a King had
built.

There was no worth in the fashion—there was no
wit in the plan—

Hither and thither, aimless, the ruined footings
ran—

Masonry, brute, mishandled, but carven on every
stone:

*"After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have
known."*

Swift to my use in my trenches, where my well-
planned ground-works grew,
I tumbled his quoins and his ashlars, and cut and
reset them anew.

Lime I milled of the marbles; burned it, slacked it,
and spread;
Taking and leaving at pleasure the gifts of the
humble dead.

Yet I despised not nor gloried; yet, as we wrenched
them apart,

I read in the razed foundations the heart of that
builder's heart.

As he had risen and pleaded, so did I under-
stand

The form of the dream he had followed in the face
of the thing he had planned.

When I was a King and a Mason—in the open
noon of my pride,

They sent me a Word from the Darkness—They
whispered and called me aside,

They said—"The end is forbidden." They said—
"Thy use is fulfilled,
"And thy palace shall stand as that other's—the
spoil of a King who shall build."

I called my men from my trenches, my quarries, my
wharves, and my shears.

All I had wrought I abandoned to the faith of the
faithless years.

Only I cut on the timber, only I carved on the
stone:

*After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have
known!*

SUSSEX.

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all;
That as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey glade,
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's trade.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

No tender-hearted garden crowns,
 No bosomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,
 But gnarled and writhen thorn—
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,
 And through the gaps revealed
But upon belt, the wooded, dim
 Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,
 Half-wild and wholly tame,
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge
 As when the Romans came.
What sign of those that fought and died
 At shift of sword and sword?
The barrow and the camp abide,
 The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west
 All heavy-winged with brine,
Here lies above the folded crest
 The Channel's leaden line;

And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,
And here, each warning each,
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight
Our broad and brookless vales—
Only the dewpond on the height
Unfed, that never fails,
Whereby no tattered herbage tells
Which way the season flies—
Only our close-bit thyme that smells
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong unhampered days
The tinkling silence thrills;
Or little, lost, Down churches praise
The Lord who made the hills:
But here the Old Gods guard their round,
And, in her secret heart,
The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found
Dreams, as she dwells, apart,

Though all the rest were all my share,
With equal soul I'd see
Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,
Yet none more fair than she.
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,
And I will choose instead
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,
Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun
Where the rolled scarp retires,
And the Long Man of Wilmington
Looks naked toward the shires;
And east till doubling Rother crawls
To find the fickle tide,
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,
Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws
And the deep ghylls that breed
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold
No more than "Sussex weed";

Or south where windy Piddinghoe's
 Begilded dolphin veers,
And black beside wide-banked Ouse
 Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give
 Till the sure magic strike,
And Memory, Use, and Love make live
 Us and our fields alike—
That deeper than our speech and thought,
 Beyond our reason's sway,
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
 Years to its fellow-clay.

*God gives all men all earth to love,
 But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
 Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
 The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
 Yea, Sussex by the sea!*

SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN.

WHEN the darkened Fifties dip to the North,
And frost and the fog divide the air,
And the day is dead at his breaking-forth,
Sirs, it is bitter beneath the Bear!

Far to Southward they wheel and glance,
The million molten spears of morn—
The spears of our deliverance
That shine on the house where we were born.

Flying-fish about our bows,
Flying sea-fires in our wake:
This is the road to our Father's House,
Whither we go for our soul's sake!

We have forfeited our birthright,
We have forsaken all things meet;

We have forgotten the look of light,
We have forgotten the scent of heat.

They that walk with shaded brows,
Year by year in a shining land,
They be men of our Father's House,
They shall receive us and understand.

We shall go back by boltless doors,
To the life unaltered our childhood knew—
To the naked feet on the cool, dark floors,
And the high-ceiled rooms that the Trade bl
through:

To the trumpet-flowers and the moon beyond,
And the tree-toad's chorus drowning all—
And the lisp of the split banana-frond
That talked us to sleep when we were small.

The wayside magic, the threshold spells,
Shall soon undo what the North has done—
Because of the sights and the sounds and the sn
That ran with our youth in the eye of the sun

And Earth accepting shall ask no vows,

Nor the Sea our love nor our lover the Sky.

When we return to our Father's House

Only the English shall wonder why!

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA.

"And there is a Japanese idol at Kamakura."

Oh ye who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,
Be gentle when the "heathen" pray
To Buddha at Kamakura!

To him the Way, the Law, Apart,
Whom Maya held beneath her heart,
Ananda's Lord the Bodhisat,
The Buddha of Kamakura.

For though he neither burns nor sees,
Nor hears ye thank your Deities,
Ye have not sinned with such as these,
His children at Kamakura;

Yet spare us still the Western joke
When joss-sticks turn to scented smoke
The little sins of little folk
That worship at Kamakura—

The grey-robed, gay-sashed butterflies
That flit beneath the Master's eyes—
He is beyond the Mysteries
But loves them at Kamakura.

And whoso will, from Pride released,
Contemning neither creed nor priest,
May feel the soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura.

Yea, every tale Ananda heard,
Of birth as fish or beast or bird,
While yet in lives the Master stirred,
The warm wind brings Kamakura.

Till drowsy eyelids seem to see
A-flower 'neath her golden *hitee*

The Shwe-Dagon flare easterly
From Burmah to Kamakura;

And down the loaded air there comes
The thunder of Thibetan drums,
And droned—" *Om mane padme oms* "—
A world's width from Kamakura.

Yet Brahmans rule Benares still,
Buddh-Gaya's ruins pit the hill,
And beef-fed zealots threaten ill
To Buddha and Kamakura.

A tourist-show, a legend told,
A rusting bulk of bronze and gold,
So much, and scarce so much, ye hold
The meaning of Kamakura?

But when the morning prayer is prayed,
Think, ere ye pass to strife and trade,
Is God in human image made
No nearer than Kamakura?

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

TAKE up the White Man's burden—

Send forth the best ye breed—

Go bind your sons to exile

To serve your captives' need;

To wait in heavy harness,

On fluttered folk and wild—

Your new-caught, sullen peoples,

Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's burden—

In patience to abide,

To veil the threat of terror

And check the show of pride;

By open speech and simple,

An hundred times made plain,

To seek another's profit,

And work another's gain,

Take up the White Man's burden—

 The savage wars of peace—

Fill full the mouth of Famine

 And bid the sickness cease;

And when your goal is nearest

 The end for others sought,

Watch Sloth and heathen Folly

 Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—

 No tawdry rule of kings,

But toil of serf and sweeper—

 The tale of common things.

The ports ye shall not enter,

 The roads ye shall not tread,

Go make them with your living,

 And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden—

 And reap his old reward:

The blame of those ye better,

 The hate of those ye guard—

The cry of hosts ye humour
 (Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—
“Why brought ye us from bondage,
 Our loved Egyptian night?”

Take up the White Man's burden—
 Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
 To cloak your weariness;
By all ye cry or whisper,
 By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
 Shall weigh your Gods and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—
 Have done with childish days—
The lightly proffered laurel,
 The easy, ungrudged praise.
Comes now, to search your manhood
 Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
 The judgment of your peers!

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT.

“ . . . Consider that the meritorious services of the Sergeant Instructors attached to the Egyptian Army have been inadequately acknowledged. . . . To the excellence of their work is mainly due the great improvement that has taken place in the soldiers of H. H. the Khedive.”

Extract from letter.

SAID England unto Pharaoh, “I must make a man
of you,

That will stand upon his feet and play the
game;

That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought
to do,”

And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatsis-
name.

It was not a Duke nor Earl, nor yet a Vis-
count—

It was not a big brass General that came;

But a man in khaki kit who could handle men
a bit,
With his bedding labelled Sergeant Whatsis-
name.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "Though at present
singing small,
You shall hum a proper tune before it ends,"
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant
once for all,
And left 'em in the desert making friends.
It was not a Crystal Palace nor Cathedral;
It was not a public-house of common fame;
But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on
either hand,
And a little hut for Sergeant Whatsisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "You've had miracles
before,
When Aaron struck your rivers into blood;
But if you watch the Sergeant he can show you
something more,

He's a charm for making riflemen from mud."

It was neither Hindustani, French, nor Coptics;

It was odds and ends and leavings of the
same,

Translated by a stick (which is really half the
trick),

And Pharaoh harked to Sergeant Whatsis-
name.

(There were years that no one talked of; there were
times of horrid doubt—

There was faith and hope and whacking and
despair—

While the Sergeant gave the Cautions and he combed
old Pharaoh out,

And England didn't seem to know nor care.

That is England's awful way o' doing busi-
ness—

She would serve her God or Gordon just the
same—

For she thinks her Empire still is the Strand
and Holborn Hill,

And she didn't think of Sergeant Whatsis-name.)

Said England to the Sergeant, "You can let my people go!"

(England used 'em cheap and nasty from the start),

And they entered 'em in battle on a most astonished foe—

But the Sergeant he had hardened Pharaoh's heart.

That was broke, along of 'all the plagues of Egypt,

Three thousand years before the Sergeant came—

And he mended it again in a little more than ten,

So Pharaoh fought like Sergeant Whatsis-name!

It was wicked bad campaigning (cheap and nasty from the first),

There was heat and dust and coolie-work and
sun,
There were vipers, flies, and sandstorms, there was
cholera and thirst,
But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.
Down the desert, down the railway, down the
river,
Like Israelites from bondage so he came,
'Tween the clouds o' dust and fire to the land
of his desire,
And his Moses, it was Sergeant Whatsis-
name!

We are eating dirt in handfuls for to save our daily
bread,
Which we have to buy from those that hate us
most,
And we must not raise the money where the
Sergeant raised the dead,
And it's wrong and bad and dangerous to boast.
But he did it on the cheap and on the quiet,
And he's not allowed to forward any claim—

Though he drilled a black man white, though
he made a mummy fight,

He will still continue Sergeant Whatsis-
name—

Private, Corporal, Colour-Sergeant, and In-
structor—

But the everlasting miracle's the same!

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.

(CANADIAN PREFERENTIAL TARIFF, 1897).

A NATION spoke to a Nation,
A Queen sent word to a Throne:
"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

"Neither with laughter nor weeping,
Fear or the child's amaze—
Soberly under the White Man's law
My white men go their ways.
Not for the Gentiles' clamour—
Insult or threat of blows—

Bow we the knee to Baal,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

"My speech is clean and single,
I talk of common things—
Words of the wharf and the market-place
And the ware the merchant brings:
Favour to those I favour,
But a stumbling-block to my foes.
Many there be that hate us,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

"I called my chiefs to council
In the din of a troubled year;
For the sake of a sign ye would not see,
And a word ye would not hear.
This is our message and answer;
This is the path we chose:
For we be also a people,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

“Carry the word to my sisters—
To the Queens of the East and the South
I have proven faith in the Heritage
By more than the word of the mouth.
They that are wise may follow
Ere the world’s war-trumpet blows:
But I—I am first in the battle,”
Said our Lady of the Snows.

*A Nation spoke to a Nation,
A Throne sent word to a Throne:
“Daughter am I in my mother’s house,
But mistress in my own!
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I abide by my mother’s house,”
Said our Lady of the Snows.*

“ET DONA FERENTES.”

In extended observation of the ways and works of
man,
From the Four-mile Radius roughly to the plains of
Hindustan:
I have drunk with mixed assemblies, seen the racial
ruction rise,
And the men of half creation damning half creation's
eyes.

I have watched them in their tantrums, all that
pentecostal crew,
French, Italian, Arab, Spaniard, Dutch and Greek,
and Russ and Jew,
Celt and savage, buff and ochre, cream and yellow,
mauve and white,
But it never really mattered till the English grew
polite;

Till the men with polished toppers, till the me
long frock-coats,
Till the men that do not duel, till the men who
with votes,
Till the breed that take their pleasures as
Laurence took his grid,
Began to "beg your pardon" and—the kno
croupier hid.

Then the bandsmen with their fiddles, and the
that bring the beer,
Felt the psychologic moment, left the lit c
clear;
But the uninstructed alien, from the Teuton to
Gaul,
Was entrapped, once more, my country, by
suave, deceptive drawl.

As it was in ancient Suez or 'neath wilder, m
skies,
I "observe with apprehension" when the r
ructions rise;

And with keener apprehension, if I read the times
aright,

Hear the old casino order: "Watch your man, but
be polite.

"Keep your temper. Never answer (*that* was why
they spat and swore.)

Don't hit first, but move together (there's no hurry)
to the door.

Back to back, and facing outward while the linguist
tells 'em how—

*'Nous sommes allong à notre batteau, nous ne voulons
pas un row.'*"

So the hard, pent rage ate inward, till some idiot
went too far . . .

"Let 'em have it!" and they had it, and the same
was serious war.

Fist, umbrella, cane, decanter, lamp and beer-mug,
chair and boot—

Till behind the fleeing legions rose the long, hoarse
yell for loot.

Then the oil-cloth with its numbers, as a
 fluttered free;
Then the grand piano cantered, on three c
 down the quay;
White, and breathing through their nostrils,
 systematic, swift—
They removed, effaced, abolished all that man
 heave or lift.

Oh, my country, bless the training that from
 castle runs—
The pitfall of the stranger but the bulwark o
 sons—
Measured speech and ordered action, sluggish
 and unperturbed,
Till we wake our Island-Devil—nowise cool for
 curbed!

When the heir of all the ages “has the hono
 remain,”
When he will not hear an insult, though men
 it ne’er so plain,

When his lips are schooled to meekness, when his
back is bowed to blows—
Well the keen *Aasvögel* know it—well the waiting
jackal knows.

Build on the flanks of Etna where the sullen smoke-
puffs float—
Or bathe in tropic waters where the lean fin dogs
the boat—
Cock the gun that is not loaded, cook the frozen
dynamite—
But oh, beware my country, when my country grows
polite!

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL.

Being a translation of the song that was made by a Mohammedan schoolmaster of Bengal Infantry (so on service at Suakim) when he heard that the Sir was taking money from the English to build a Madrassa for the Hubshees—or a college for the Sudanese, 1898.

OH Hubshee, carry your shoes in your hand and
your head on your breast!

This is the message of Kitchener who did not
jest with you.

It was permitted to him to fulfil the long-appealed
years;

Reaching the end ordained of old over you
Emirs.

He stamped only before your walls, and the
ye knew was dust:

He gathered up under his armpits all the swiftness of
your trust:

He set a guard on your granaries, securing the weak
from the strong:

He said:—"Go work the waterwheels that were
abolished so long."

He said:—"Go safely, being abased. I have accom-
plished my vow."

That was the mercy of Kitchener. Cometh his mad-
ness now!

He does not desire as ye desire, nor devise as ye
devise:

He is preparing a second host—an army to make
you wise.

Not at the mouth of his clean-lipped guns shall ye
learn his name again,

But letter by letter, from Kaf to Kaf, at the mouth
of his chosen men.

He has gone back to his own city, not seeking presents
or bribes,

But openly asking the English for money to buy you
Hakims and scribes.

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have no
right to live,

He begs for money to bring you learning—and all the
English give.

It is their treasure—it is their pleasure—thus are their
hearts inclined:

For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of
all mankind!

They do not consider the Meaning of Things; they
consult not creed nor clan.

Behold, they clap the slave on the back, and behold,
he ariseth a man!

They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before
their cannon cool,

They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the
living to school.

How is this reason (which is their reason) to judge
a scholar's worth,

By casting a ball at three straight sticks and defend-
ing the same with a fourth?

But this they do (which is doubtless a spell) and other
matters more strange,
Until, by the operation of years, the hearts of their
scholars change:

Till these make come and go great boats or engines
upon the rail
(But always the English watch near by to prop them
when they fail);
Till these make laws of their own choice and Judges
of their own blood;
And all the mad English obey the Judges and say
that the Law is good.

Certainly they were mad from of old: but I think one
new thing,
That the magic whereby they work their magic—
wherefrom their fortunes spring—
May be that they show all peoples their magic and
ask no price in return.
Wherefore, since ye are bond to that magic, Oh
Hubshee, make haste and learn!

Certainly also is Kitchener mad. But one sure thi

I know—

If he who broke you be minded to teach you, to l

Madrissa go!

Go, and carry your shoes in your hand and bow yo

head on your breast,

For he who did not slay you in sport, he will r

teach you in jest.

THE YOUNG QUEEN.

(THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA, INAUGURATED
NEW YEAR'S DAY 1901).

HER hand was still on her sword-hilt, the spur was
still on her heel,
She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted
steel;
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold,
and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen rode
to be crowned.

She came to the Old Queen's presence, in the Hall
of Our Thousand Years—
In the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers
among their peers:

Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed
head,

Crying—"Crown me, my Mother!" And the
Queen stood and said:—

"How can I crown thee further? I know
standard flies

Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the
barriers rise.

Blood of our foes on thy bridle, and speech
friends in thy mouth—

How can I crown thee further, Oh Queen
Sovereign South?

"Let the Five Free Nations witness!" But
Young Queen answered swift:—

"It shall be crown of Our crowning to have
crown for a gift.

In the days when Our folk were feeble they
made sure Our lands:

Wherefore We come in power to take Our children
thy hands."

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the
jealous circlet prest,
Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with
the gold of the West,
Lit with her land's own opals, levin-hearted,
alive,
And the Five-starred Cross above them, for sign of
the Nations Five.

So it was done in the Presence—in the Hall of Our
Thousand Years,
In the face of the Five Free Nations that have no
peer but their peers;
And the Young Queen out of the Southland kneeled
down at the Old Queen's knee,
And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent
years to be.

And the Old Queen stooped in the stillness where
the jewelled head drooped low:—
“Daughter no more but Sister, and doubly Daughter
so—

Mother of many princes—and child of the child I
bore,
What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not
wished before?

“Shall I give thee delight in dominion—mere pride
of thy setting forth?

Nay, we be women together—we know what that
lust is worth.

Peace in thy utmost borders, and strength on a road
untrod?

These are dealt or diminished at the secret will of
God.

“I have swayed troublous councils, I am wise in
terrible things;

Father and son and grandson, I have known the
heart of the Kings.

Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom, or the gift all
wisdom above?

Aye, we be women together—I give thee thy people's
love:

“Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or
vows,

Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother’s
house.

God requite thee, my Sister, through the wonderful
years to be,

And make thy people to love thee as thou hast
loved me!”

RIMMON.

DULY with knees that feign to quake—
 Bent head and shaded brow,—
Yet once again, for my father's sake,
 In Rimmon's House I bow.

The curtains part, and the trumpet blares,
 And the eunuchs howl aloud;
And the gilt, swag-bellied idol glares
 Insolent over the crowd.

*“This is Rimmon, Lord of the Earth—
 “Fear Him and bow the knee!”*

And I watch my comrades hide their mirth
 That rode to the wars with me.

For we remember the sun and the sand
 And the rocks whereon we trod,

Ere we came to a scorched and a scornful land
That did not know our God;

As we remember the sacrifice
Dead men an hundred laid—
Slain while they served His mysteries
And that He would not aid.

Not though we gashed ourselves and wept,
For the high-priest bade us wait;
Saying He went on a journey or slept,
Or was drunk or had taken a mate.

(*Praise ye Rimmon, King of Kings,
Who ruleth Earth and Sky!*
And again I bow as the censer swings
And the God Enthroned goes by.)

Aye, we remember His sacred ark
And the virtuous men that knelt

To the dark and the hush behind the dark
Wherein we dreamed He dwelt;

Until we entered to hale Him out,
And found no more than an old
Uncleanly image girded about
The loins with scarlet and gold.

Him we o'erset with the butts of our spears—
Him and his vast designs—
To be the scorn of our muleteers
And the jest of our halted lines.

By the picket-pins that the dogs defile,
In the dung and the dust He lay,
Till the priests ran and chattered awhile
And wiped Him and took Him away.

Hushing the matter before it was known,
They returned to our fathers afar,
And hastily set Him afresh on His throne
Because He had won us the war.

Wherefore with knees that feign to quake—

Bent head and shaded brow—

To this dead dog, for my father's sake,

In Rimmon's House I bow.

THE OLD ISSUE.

October 9, 1899.

*"Here is nothing new nor aught unproven," say
Trumpets,*

*"Many feet have worn it and the road is
indeed.*

*"It is the King—the King we schooled aforetime.
(Trumpets in the marshes—in the eyot at Runn
mede!)*

*"Here is neither haste, nor hate, nor anger," peal th
Trumpets,*

"Pardon for his penitence or pity for his fall.

*"It is the King!"—inexorable Trumpets—
(Trumpets round the scaffold at the dawning by
Whitehall!)*

.

*"He hath veiled the crown and hid the sceptre," warn
the Trumpets,*

*"He hath changed the fashion of the lies that cloak
his will.*

*"Hard die the Kings—ah hard—dooms hard!" de-
clare the Trumpets,*

*Trumpets at the gang-plank where the brawling
troop-decks fill!*

*Ancient and Unteachable, abide—abide the trumpets!
Once again the Trumpets, for the shuddering ground-
swell brings*

*Clamour over ocean of the harsh pursuing Trumpets—
Trumpets of the Vanguard that have sworn no truce
with Kings!*

All we have of freedom, all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us long and long ago.

Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we draw—
Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the
Law.

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and grey-goose
wing
Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the
King.

Till our fathers 'stablished, after bloody years,
How our King is one with us, first among his peers.

So they bought us freedom—not at little cost—
Wherefore must we watch the King, lest our gain be
lost.

Over all things certain, this is sure indeed,
Suffer not the old King: for we know the breed.

Give no ear to bondsmen bidding us endure,
Whining "He is weak and far;" crying "Time shall
cure."

(Time himself is witness, till the battle joins,
Deeper strikes the rottenness in the people's
loins.)

Give no heed to bondsmen masking war with
peace.

Suffer not the old King here or overseas.

They that beg us barter—wait his yielding mood—
Pledge the years we hold in trust—pawn our brother's
blood—

Howso' great their clamour, whatso'er their claim,
Suffer not the old King under any name!

Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn.
It is written what shall fall if the King return.

He shall mark our goings, question whence we
came,
Set his guards about us, as in Freedom's name.

He shall take a tribute, toll of all our ware;
He shall change our gold for arms—arms we may
not bear.

He shall break his Judges if they cross his word;
He shall rule above the Law calling on the Lord.

He shall peep and mutter; and the night shall
bring
Watchers 'neath our window, lest we mock the
King—

Hate and all division; hosts of hurrying spies;
Money poured in secret, carrion breeding flies.

Strangers of his council, hirelings of his pay,
These shall deal our Justice: sell—deny—delay.

We shall drink dishonour, we shall eat abuse
For the Land we look to—for the Tongue we use.

We shall take our station, dirt beneath his feet,
While his hired captains jeer us in the street.

Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond his borders shall his teachings run.

Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Laying on a new land evil of the old;

Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain—
All our fathers died to loose he shall bind again.

*Here is naught at venture, random nor untrue—
Swings the wheel full-circle, brims the cup anew.*

*Here is naught unproven, here is nothing hid:
Step for step and word for word—so the old Kings
did!*

*Step by step and word by word: who is ruled may
read.*

Suffer not the old Kings—for we know the breed—

*All the right they promise—all the wrong they bring.
Stewards of the Judgment, suffer not this King!*

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO.

'and will supply details to guard the Blood River **B**
District Orders—Lines of Communication.

SUDDEN the desert changes,
The raw glare softens and clings,
Till the aching Oudtshoorn ranges
Stand up like the thrones of kings—

Ramparts of slaughter and peril—
Blazing, amazing—aglow
'Twixt the sky-line's belting beryl
And the wine-dark flats below.

Royal the pageant closes,
Lit by the last of the sun—
Opal and ash-of-roses,
Cinnamon, umber, and dun.

The twilight swallows the thicket,
The starlight reveals the ridge;
The whistle shrills to the picket—
We are changing guard on the bridge.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the empty metals shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)

We slip through the broken panel
Of fence by the ganger's shed;
We drop to the waterless channel
And the lean track overhead;

We stumble on refuse of rations,
The beef and the biscuit-tins;
We take our appointed stations,
And the endless night begins.

We hear the Hottentot herders
As the sheep click past to the fold—

And the click of the restless girders
As the steel contracts in the cold—

Voices of jackals calling
And, loud in the hush between,
A morsel of dry earth falling
From the flanks of the scarred ravine.

And the solemn firmament marches,
And the hosts of heaven rise
Framed through the iron arches—
Banded and barred by the ties,

Till we feel the far track humming,
And we see her headlight plain,
And we gather and wait her coming—
The wonderful north-bound train.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the white car-windows shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)

Quick, ere the gift escape us!
Out of the darkness we reach
For a handful of week-old papers
And a mouthful of human speech.

And the monstrous heaven rejoices,
And the earth allows again,
Meetings, greetings, and voices
Of women talking with men.

So we return to our places,
As out on the bridge she rolls;
And the darkness covers our faces,
And the darkness re-enters our souls.

More than a little lonely
Where the lessening tail-lights shine.
No—not combatants—only
Details guarding the line!

THE LESSON.

(1899-1902)

*Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should,
We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no end
of good.*

Not on a single issue, or in one direction or twain,
But conclusively, comprehensively, and several times
and again,
Were all our most holy illusions knocked higher
than Gilderoy's kite.
We have had a jolly good lesson, and it serves us
jolly well right!

This was not bestowed us under the trees, nor yet
in the shade of a tent,
But swingingly, over eleven degrees of a bare brown
continent.

From Lamberts to Delagoa Bay, and from Pietersburg to Sutherland,

Fell the phenomenal lesson we learned—with a fulness accorded no other land.

It was our fault, and our very great fault, and *not* the judgment of Heaven.

We made an Army in our own image, on an island nine by seven,

Which faithfully mirrored its makers' ideals, equipment, and mental attitude—

And so we got our lesson: and we ought to accept it with gratitude.

We have spent two hundred million pounds to prove the fact once more,

That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two and two make four:

And horses have four legs, and men have two legs, and two into four goes twice,

And nothing over except our lesson—and very cheap at the price.

For remember (this our children shall know: we are
too near for that knowledge)

Not our mere astonished camps, but Council and Creed
and College—

All the obese, unchallenged old things that stifle and
overlie us—

Have felt the effects of the lesson we got—an
advantage no money could buy us!

Then let us develop this marvellous asset which we
alone command,

And which, it may subsequently transpire, will be
worth as much as the Rand:

Let us approach this pivotal fact in a humble yet
hopeful mood—

We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no
end of good!

It was our fault, and our very great fault—and now
we must turn it to use;

We have forty million reasons for failure, but not a
single excuse!

So the more we work and the less we talk the better
results we shall get—

We have had an Imperial lesson; it may make us
an Empire yet!

THE FILES.

(THE SUB-EDITOR SPEAKS.)

FILES—

The Files—

Office Files!

Oblige me by referring to the files.

Every question man can raise,

Every phrase of every phase

Of that question is on record in the files—

(Threshed out threadbare—fought and finished in
the files).

Ere the Universe at large

Was our new-tipped arrows' targe—

Ere we rediscovered Mammon and his wiles—

Faenza, gentle reader, spent her—five-and-twentieth
leader

(You will find him, and some others, in the files).

Warn all future Robert Brownings and Carlyles,
It will interest them to hunt among the files,
Where unvisited, a-cold,
Lie the crowded years of old
In that Kensall-Green of greatness called the files—
(In our newspaPère-la-Chaise the office files),
Where the dead men lay them down
Meekly sure of long renown,
And above them, sere and swift,
Packs the daily deepening drift
Of the all-recording, all-effacing files—
The obliterating, automatic files.
Count the mighty men who slung
Ink, Evangel, Sword, or Tongue
When Reform and you were young—
Made their boasts and spake according in the
files—
(Hear the ghosts that wake applauding in the
files!)

et
Trace each all-forgot career
From long primer through brevier
Unto Death, a para minion in the files

(Para minion—solid—bottom of the files). . . .
Some successful Kings and Queens adorn the **fi**
They were great, their views were leaded,
And their deaths were triple-headed,
So they catch the eye in running through **h**
files

(Show as blazes in the mazes of the files);
For their "paramours and priests,"
And their gross, jack-booted feasts,
And their epoch-marking actions see the files.
Was it Bomba fled the blue Sicilian isles?
Was it Saffi, a professor
Once of Oxford, brought redress or
Garibaldi? Who remembers
Forty-odd-year old Septembers?—
Only sextons paid to dig among the files
(Such as I am, born and bred among the files).
You must hack through much deposit
Ere you know for sure who was it
Came to burial with such honour in the files
(Only seven seasons back beneath the files).
"Very great our loss and grievous—

"So our best and brightest leave us,
"And it ends the Age of Giants," say the files;
All the '60—'70—'80—'90 files
(The open-minded, opportunist files—
The easy "Oh King, live for ever" files).
It is good to read a little in the files;
'Tis a sure and sovereign balm
Unto philosophic calm,
Yea, and philosophic doubt when Life beguiles.
When you know Success is Greatness,
When you marvel at your lateness
In apprehending facts so plain to Smiles
(Self-helpful, wholly strenuous Samuel Smiles).
When your Imp of Blind Desire
Bids you set the Thames afire,
You'll remember men have done so—in the files.
You'll have seen those flames transpire—in the
files
(More than once that flood has run so—in the
files).
When the Conchimarion horns
Of the reboantic Norns

Usher gentlemen and ladies
With new lights on Heaven and Hades,
Guaranteeing to Eternity
All yesterday's modernity;
When Brocken-spectres made by
Someone's breath on ink parade by,
Very earnest and tremendous,
Let not shows of shows offend us.
When of everything we like we
Shout ecstatic:—" *Quod ubique,*
Quod ab omnibus means *semper!*"
Oh, my brother, keep your temper!
Light your pipe and take a look along the files!
You've a better chance to guess
At the meaning of Success
(Which is Greatness—*vide* press)
When you've seen it in perspective in the files.

THE REFORMERS.

*Not in the camp his victory lies
Or triumph in the market-place,
Who is his Nation's sacrifice
To turn the judgment from his race.*

Happy is he who, bred and taught
By sleek, sufficing Circumstance—
Whose Gospel was the apparelled thought,
Whose Gods were Luxury and Chance—

Sees, on the threshold of his days,
The old life shrivel like a scroll,
And the unheralded dismays
Submits his body and his soul;

The fatted shows wherein he stood
Foregoing, and the idiot pride,
That he may prove with his own blood
All that his easy sires denied—

Ultimate issues, primal springs,
Demands, abasements, penalties —
The imperishable plinth of things
Seen and unseen, that touch our pe:

For, though ensnaring ritual dim
His vision through the after-years,
Yet virtue shall go out of him:
Example profiting his peers.

With great things charged he shall not
Aloof till great occasion rise,
But serve, full-harnessed, as of old,
The days that are the destinies.

He shall forswear and put away
The idols of his sheltered house;
And to Necessity shall pay
Unflinching tribute of his vows.

He shall not plead another's act,
Nor bind him in another's oath
To weigh the Word above the Fact,
Or make or take excuse for sloth.

The yoke he bore shall press him still,
And long-ingrained effort goad
To find, to fashion, and fulfil
The cleaner life, the sterner code.

*Not in the camp his victory lies—
The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall learn!*

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS.

Who recalls the twilight and the ranged tents *i*
order

(Violet peaks uplifted through the crystal eve— *i*
ing air?)

And the clink of iron teacups and the piteous, nob— *I*
laughter,

And the faces of the Sisters with the dust up— *O*
their hair?

(Now and not hereafter, while the breath is in *our*
nostrils,

Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years
go by—

Let us now remember many honourable women,

Such as bade us turn again when we were *like*
to die.)

Who recalls the morning and the thunder through
the foothills

(Tufts of fleecy shrapnel strung along the empty
plains?)

And the sun-scarred Red-Cross coaches creeping
guarded to the culvert,

And the faces of the Sisters looking gravely
from the trains?

(When the days were torment and the nights were
clouded terror,

When the Powers of Darkness had dominion
on our soul—

When we fled consuming through the Seven Hells
of fever,

These put out their hands to us and healed
and made us whole.)

Who recalls the midnight by the bridge's wrecked
abutment

(Autumn rain that rattled like a Maxim on the
tin?)

And the lightning-dazzled levels and the streaming
 straining waggons,

And the faces of the Sisters as they bore the
 wounded in?

(Till the pain was merciful and stunned us in
 silence—

When each nerve cried out on God that made
 the misused clay;

When the Body triumphed and the last poor share
 departed—

These abode our agonies and wiped the sweat
 away.)

Who recalls the noontide and the funerals through
 the market

(Blanket-hidden bodies, flagless, followed by the
 flies?)

And the footsore firing-party, and the dust and stench
 and staleness,

And the faces of the Sisters and the glory
 their eyes?

old behind the battle, in the open camp all-
hallowed,

Patient, wise, and mirthful in the ringed and
reeking town,

These endured unresting till they rested from their
labours—

Little wasted bodies, ah, so light to lower
down!)

Yet their graves are scattered and their names are
clean forgotten,

Earth shall not remember, but the Waiting Angel
knows

Them that died at Uitvlugt when the plague was on
the city—

Her that fell at Simon's Town in service on our
foes.

*Wherefore we they ransomed, while the breath is in
our nostrils,*

*Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years go
by,*

*Praise with love and worship many hon-
women,*

*Those that gave their lives for us when we
like to die!*

THE ISLANDERS.

*No doubt but ye are the People—your throne is
above the King's.*

*Whoso speaks in your presence must say acceptable
things:*

*Bowing the head in worship, bending the knee in
fear—*

*Bringing the word well smoothen—such as a King
should hear.*

Fenced by your careful fathers, ringed by your
leaden seas,


Long did ye wake in quiet and long lie down at
ease;

Till ye said of Strife, "What is it?" of the Sword,
"It is far from our ken;"


Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and a
toy of your armed men.

Ye stopped your ears to the warning—ye would
neither look nor heed—
Ye set your leisure before their toil and your lusts
above their need.
Because of your witless learning and your beasts of
warren and chase,
Ye grudged your sons to their service and your fields
for their camping-place.
Ye forced them glean in the highways the straw for
the bricks they brought;
Ye forced them follow in byways the craft that ye
never taught.
Ye hindered and hampered and crippled; ye thrust
out of sight and away
Those that would serve you for honour and those
that served you for pay.
Then were the judgments loosened; then was your
shame revealed,
At the hands of a little people, few but apt in the
field.
Yet ye were saved by a remnant (and your land
long-suffering Star),

When your strong men cheered in their millions
while your striplings went to the war.
Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled, un-
meet—
Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them
raw from the street.
And what did ye look they should compass? War-
craft learned in a breath,
Knowledge unto occasion at the first far view of
Death?
So! And ye train your horses and the dogs ye feed
and prize?
How are the beasts more worthy than the souls you
sacrifice?
But ye said, "Their valour shall show them"; but ye
said, "The end is close."
And ye sent them comfits and pictures to help them
harry your foes,
And ye vaunted your fathomless power, and ye
flaunted your iron pride,
Ere—ye fawned on the Younger Nations for the men
who could shoot and ride!

Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye 
tented your souls

With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the m
died oafs at the goals.

Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie,
Ye saw that the land lay fenceless, and ye let 
months go by

Waiting some easy wonder: hoping some sav
sign—

Idle—openly idle—in the lee of the foresp
Line.

Idle—except for your boasting—and what is y
boasting worth

If ye grudge a year of service to the lordliest life
earth?

Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle set,
Life so long untroubled, that ye who inhe
forget

It was not made with the mountains, it is not o
with the deep.

Men, not gods, devised it. Men, not gods, mu
keep.

Men, not children, servants, or kinsfolk called from
afar,
But each man born in the Island broke to the
matter of war.
Soberly and by custom taken and trained for the
same;
Each man born in the Island entered at youth to the
game—
As it were almost cricket, not to be mastered in
haste,
But after trial and labour, by temperance, living
chaste.
As it were almost cricket—at it were even your
play,
Weighed and pondered and worshipped, and prac-
tised day and day.
So ye shall bide sure-guarded when the restless
lightnings wake
In the womb of the blotting war-cloud, and the pallid
nations quake.
So, at the haggard trumpets, instant your soul shall
leap

Forthright, accoutred, accepting—alert from the *wells*
of sleep.

So at the threat ye shall summon—so at the *need*
ye shall send

Men, not children or servants, tempered and taught *to*
to the end;

Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or de-
spise,

Humble because of knowledge, mighty by sacri-
fice.

But ye say, "It will mar our comfort." Ye say, "*It*
will minish our trade."

Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn *to*
how a gun is laid?

For the low, red glare to southward when the raide *is*
coast-towns burn?

(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little tim *e*
to learn.)

Will ye pitch some white pavilion, and lustily eve *n*
the odds,

With nets and hoops and mallets, with rackets an *d*
bats and rods?

l the rabbit war with your foemen—the red deer
horn them for hire?

tr kept cock-pheasant keep you?—he is master of
many a shire.

l, aloof, incurious, unthinking, unthanking,
gelt,

ye loose your schools to flout them till their
brow-beat columns melt?

ye pray them or preach them, or print them, or
ballot them back from your shore?

your workmen issue a mandate to bid them
strike no more?

ye rise and dethrone your rulers? (Because ye
were idle both?

e by insolence chastened? Indolence purged by
sloth?)

doubt but ye are the People; who shall make
you afraid?

your gods are many; no doubt but your gods
shall aid.

s of greasy altars built for the body's ease;

id little brazen Baals and talking fetishes;

Teraphs of sept and party and wise wood-p
gods—

These shall come down to the battle and sn
from under the rods?

From the gusty, flickering gun-roll with
salvoes rent,

And the pitted hail of the bullets that tell no
they were sent.

When ye are ringed as with iron, when
scourged as with whips,

When the meat is yet in your belly, and the
yet on your lips;

When ye go forth at morning and the noon
you broke,

Ere ye lie down at even, your remnant, under

*No doubt but ye are the People—absolute, str
wise;*

*Whatever your heart has desired ye have not
from your eyes.*

*On your own heads, in your own hands, the
the saving lies!*

THE PEACE OF DIVES.

THE Word came down to Dives in Torment where
he lay:

“Our World is full of wickedness, My Children maim
and slay,

“And the Saint and Seer and Prophet

“Can make no better of it

“Than to sanctify and prophesy and pray.

“Rise up, rise up, thou Dives, and take again thy
gold,

“And thy women and thy housen as they were to
thee of old.

“It may be grace hath found thee

“In the furnace where We bound thee,

“And that thou shalt bring the peace My Son fore-
told.”

Then merrily rose Dives and leaped from out
fire,
And walked abroad with diligence to do the Lo
desire;
And anon the battles ceased,
And the captives were released,
And Earth had rest from Goshen to Gadire.

The Word came down to Satan that raged
roared alone,
'Mid the shouting of the peoples by the can
overthrown
(But the Prophets, Saints, and Seers
Set each other by the ears,
For each would claim the marvel as his own):

"Rise up, rise up, thou Satan, upon the E.
to go,
"And prove the peace of Dives if it be g
or no;

"For all that he hath planned

"We deliver to thy hand,

"As thy skill shall serve to break it or bring
low."

Then mightily rose Satan, and about the Earth he
hied,

And breathed on Kings in idleness and Princes
drunk with pride;

But for all the wrong he breathed

There was never sword unsheathed,

And the fires he lighted flickered out and died.

Then terribly rose Satan, and he darkened Earth
afar,

Till he came on cunning Dives where the money-
changers are;

And he saw men pledge their gear

For the gold that buys the spear,

And the helmet and the habergeon of war.

Yea to Dives came the Persian and the Syrian and
the Mede—

And their hearts were nothing altered, nor ~~their~~
cunning nor their greed—

And they pledged their flocks and farms
For the king-compelling arms,
And Dives lent according to their need.

Then Satan said to Dives:—"Return again wi ~~th~~
me,

"Who hast broken His Commandment in the day ~~I~~
set thee free,

"Who grindest for thy greed,

"Man's belly-pinch and need;

"And the blood of Man to filthy usury!"

Then softly answered Dives where the mone ~~ys~~
changers sit:—

"My refuge is Our Master, Oh My Master in t ~~h~~
Pit;

"But behold all Earth is laid

"In the peace which I have made,

"And behold I wait on thee to trouble it!"

Then angrily turned Satan, and about the Seas he
fled,

To shake the new-sown peoples with insult, doubt,
and dread;

But for all the sleight he used

There was never squadron loosed,

And the brands he flung flew dying and fell
dead.

Yet to Dives came Atlantis and the Captains of the
West—

And their hates were nothing weakened nor their
anger nor unrest—

And they pawned their utmost trade

For the dry, decreeing blade;

And Dives lent and took of them their best.

Then Satan said to Dives:—"Declare thou by The
Name,

"The secret of thy subtlety that turneth mine to
shame.

"It is known through all the Hells
"How my peoples mocked my spells,
"And my faithless Kings denied me ere I came."

.

Then answered cunning Dives: "Do not gold at
hate abide
"At the heart of every Magic, yea, and senseless fe
beside?

"With gold and fear and hate
"I have harnessed state to state,
"And with hate and fear and gold their hates are tic

"For hate men seek a weapon, for fear they seek
shield—

"Keener blades and broader targes than their fran
neighbours wield—

"For gold I arm their hands,
"And for gold I buy their lands,
"And for gold I sell their enemies the yield.

"Their nearest foes may purchase, or their furthe
friends may lease,

'One by one from Ancient Accad to the Islands of
the Seas.

"And their covenants they make

"For the naked iron's sake,

"But I—I trap them armoured into peace.

"The flocks that Egypt pledged me to Assyria I
drave,

"And Pharaoh hath the increase of the herds that
Sargon gave.

"Not for Ashdod overthrown

"Will the Kings destroy their own,

Or their peoples wake the strife they feign to brave.

Is not Calno like Carchemish? For the steeds of
their desire

They have sold me seven harvests that I sell to
Crowning Tyre;

"And the Tyrian sweeps the plains

"With a thousand hired wains,

"And the Cities keep the peace and—share the
hire.

"Hast thou seen the pride of Moab? For the sword
about his path,

"His bond is to Philistia, in half of all he hath.

"And he dare not draw the sword

"Till Gaza give the word,

"And he show release from Askalon and Gath.

"Wilt thou call again thy peoples, wilt thou create
anew thy Kings?

"Lo! my lightnings pass before thee, and the
whistling servant brings,

"Ere the drowsy street hath stirred—

"Every masked and midnight word,

"And the nations break their fast upon these things

"So I make a jest of Wonder, and a mock of Time
and Space,

"The roofless Seas an hostel, and the Earth
market-place,

"Where the anxious traders know

"Each is surety for his foe,

"And none may thrive without his fellows' grace.

"Now this is all my subtlety and this is all my
wit,

"God give thee good enlightenment, My Master in
the Pit.

"But behold all Earth is laid

"In the peace which I have made,

"And behold I wait on thee to trouble it!"

SOUTH AFRICA.

LIVED a woman wonderful,
 (May the Lord amend her!)
Neither simple, kind, nor true,
But her Pagan beauty drew
Christian gentlemen a few
 Hotly to attend her.

*Christian gentlemen a few
 From Berwick unto Dover;
For she was South Africa,
And she was South Africa,
She was our South Africa,
 Africa all over!*

Half her land was dead with drouth
 Half was red with battle;
She was fenced with fire and sw

Plague on pestilence outpoured,
Locusts on the greening sward
And murrain on the cattle!

*True, ah true, and overtrue:
That is why we love her!
For she is South Africa,
And she is South Africa,
She is our South Africa,
Africa all over!*

Bitter hard her lovers toiled,
Scandalous their payment,—
Food forgot on trains derailed;
Cattle-dung where fuel failed;
Water where the mules had staled;
And sackcloth for their raiment!

So she filled their mouths with dust
And their bones with fever;
Greeted them with cruel lies;

Treated them despitiful-wise;
Meted them calamities
Till they vowed to leave her.

They took ship and they took sail,
Raging, from her borders,—
In a little, none the less,
They forgot their sore duresse,
They forgave her waywardness
And returned for orders!

They esteemed her favour more
Than a Throne's foundation.
For the glory of her face
Bade farewell to breed and race—
Yea, and made their burial-place
Altar of a Nation!

Wherefore, being bought by blood,
And by blood restored
To the arms that nearly lost,

She, because of all she cost,
Stands, a very woman, most
Perfect and adored!

On your feet, and let them know

This is why we love her!

For she is South Africa,

She is our South Africa,

Is our own South Africa,

Africa all over!

THE SETTLER.

HERE, where my fresh-turned furrows run,

And the deep soil glistens red,

I will repair the wrong that was done

To the living and the dead.

Here, where the senseless bullet fell,

And the barren shrapnel burst,

I will plant a tree, I will dig a well,

Against the heat and the thirst.

Here, in a large and a sunlit land,

Where no wrong bites to the bone,

I will lay my hand in my neighbour's hand,

And together we will atone

For the set folly and the red breach

And the black waste of it all,

Giving and taking counsel each

Over the cattle-kraal.

Here will we join against our foes—
The hailstroke and the storm,
And the red and rustling cloud that blows
The locust's mile-deep swarm;
Frost and murrain and floods let loose
Shall launch us side by side
In the holy wars that have no truce
'Twixt seed and harvest tide.

Earth, where we rode to slay or be slain,
Our love shall redeem unto life;
We will gather and lead to her lips again
The waters of ancient strife,
From the far and fiercely guarded streams
And the pools where we lay in wait,
Till the corn cover our evil dreams
And the young corn our hate.

And when we bring old fights to mind,
We will not remember the sin—
If there be blood on his head of my kind,
Or blood on my head of his kin—

"It is known through all the Hells

"How my peoples mocked my spells,

"And my faithless Kings denied me ere I came."

Then answered cunning Dives: "Do not gold a ~~and~~
hate abide

"At the heart of every Magic, yea, and senseless ~~fe~~ ear
beside?

"With gold and fear and hate

"I have harnessed state to state,

"And with hate and fear and gold their hates are tie~~d~~ ed.

"For hate men seek a weapon, for fear they seek ~~a~~ a
shield—

"Keener blades and broader targes than their fran ~~tic~~
neighbours wield—

"For gold I arm their hands,

"And for gold I buy their lands,

"And for gold I sell their enemies the yield.

"Their nearest foes may purchase, or their furth~~e~~ st
friends may lease,

SERVICE SONGS.

"Tommy" you was when it began,
But now that it is o'er
You shall be called The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore.

Batt'ry, brigade, flank, centre, van,
Defaulter, Army corps—
From first to last The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore.

From 'Alifax to 'Industan,
From York to Singapore—
'Orse, foot, an' guns, the Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore!

CHANT-PAGAN.

ENGLISH IRREGULAR: '99-02.

ME that 'ave been what I've been,
Me that 'ave gone where I've gone,
Me that 'ave seen what I've seen—

'Ow can I ever take on
With awful old England again,
An' 'ouses both sides of the street,
And 'edges two sides of the lane,
And the parson an' "gentry" between,
An' touchin' my 'at when we meet—
Me that 'ave been what I've been?

Me that 'ave watched 'arf a world
'Eave up all shiny with dew,
Kopje on kop to the sun,
An' as soon as the mist let 'em through

Our 'elios winkin' like fun—
Three sides of a ninety-mile square,
Over valleys as big as a shire—
Are ye there? Are ye there? Are ye there?
An' then the blind drum of our fire . . .
An' I'm rollin' 'is lawns for the Squire,
Me!

Me that ave rode through the dark
Forty mile often on end,
Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,
With only the stars for my mark
An' only the night for my friend,
An' things runnin' off as you pass,
An' things jumpin' up in the grass,
An' the silence, the shine an' the size
Of the 'igh, inexpressible skies. . . .
I am takin' some letters almost
As much as a mile, to the post,
An' "mind you come back with the change!"
Me!

Me that saw Barberton took
When we dropped through the clouds on
 their 'ead,
An' they 'ove the guns over and fled—
Me that was through Di'mond 'Ill,
An' Pieters an' Springs an' Belfast—
From Dundee to Vereeniging all!
Me that stuck out to the last
(An' five bloomin' bars on my chest)—
I am doin' my Sunday-school best,
By the 'elp of the Squire an' 'is wife
(Not to mention the 'ousemaid an' cook),
To come in an' 'ands up an' be still,
An' honestly work for my bread,
My livin' in that state of life
To which it shall please God to call

Me!

Me that 'ave followed my trade
In the place where the lightnin's are made,
'Twixt the Rains and the Sun and the Moon;
Me that lay down an' got up

Three years an' the sky for my roof—
That 'ave ridden my 'unger an' thirst
Six thousand raw mile on the hoof,
With the Vaal and the Orange for cup,
An' the Brandwater Basin for dish,—
Oh! it's 'ard to be'ave as they wish,
(Too 'ard, an' a little too soon),
I'll 'ave to think over it first—

Me!

I will arise an' get 'ence;—
I will trek South and make sure
If it's only my fancy or not
That the sunshine of England is pale,
And the breezes of England are stale,
An' there's somethin' gone small with the lot;
For *I* know of a sun an' a wind,
An' some plains and a mountain be'ind,
An' some graves by a barb-wire fence;
An' a Dutchman I've fought 'oo might give
Me a job were I ever inclined,
To look in an' offsaddle an' live

e there's neither a road nor a tree—
only my Maker an' me,
I think it will kill me or cure,
I think I will go there an' see.

M. I.

(MOUNTED INFANTRY OF THE LINE.)

I WISH my mother could see me now, with a fi
post under my arm,

And a knife and a spoon in my putties that I fi
on a Boer farm,

Atop of a sore-backed Argentine, with a thirst
you couldn't buy.

I used to be in the Yorkshires once

(Sussex, Lincolns, and Rifles once),

Hampshires, Glosters, and Scottish once! (*ad*

But now I am M. I.

That is what we are known as—that is the r
you must call

If you want officers' servants, pickets an' '
guards an' all—

Details for buryin' - parties, company - cooks or
supply—

Turn out the chronic Ikonas! Roll up the
——* M. I.!

My 'ands are spotty with veldt-sores, my shirt is a
button an' frill,

An' the things I've used my bay'nit for would make
a tinker ill!

An' I don't know whose dam' column I'm in, nor
where we're trekkin' nor why.

I've trekked from the Vaal to the Orange
once—

From the Vaal to the greasy Pongolo once—

(Or else it was called the Zambesi once)—

For now I am M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the push
you require

For outposts all night under freezin', an' rear-
guard all day under fire.

* Number according to taste and service of audience,

Anything 'ot or unwholesome? Anything dusty
dry?

Borrow a bunch of Ikonas! Trot out the —
M. I.!

Our Sergeant-Major's a subaltern, our Captain's
Fusilier—

Our Adjutant's "late of Somebody's 'Orse," an'
Melbourne auctioneer;

But you couldn't spot us at 'arf a mile from t
crackest caval-ry.

They used to talk about Lancers once,
Hussars, Dragoons, an' Lancers once,
'Elmets, pistols, an' carbines once,

But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the orpha
they blame

For beggin' the loan of an 'ead-stall an' makin'
mount to the same:

'Can't even look at an 'orselines but someone goes
bellerin' "Hi!

"Ere comes a burglin' Ikona!" Footsack you—
M. I.!

We're trekkin' our twenty miles a day an' bein'
loved by the Dutch,
But we don't hold on by the mane no more, nor
lose our stirrups—much;
An' we scout with a senior man in charge where the
'oly white flags fly.
We used to think they were friendly once,
Didn't take any precautions once
(Once, my ducky, an' only once!)
But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the beggars
that got
Three days "to learn equitation," an' six months o'
bloomin' well trot!

Cow-guns, an' cattle, an' convoys—an' Mister
Wet on the fly—
We are the rollin' Ikonas! We are the-
M. I.!

The new fat regiments come from home, imag-
vain V. C.'s
(The same as our talky-fighty men which are
Number Threes*),
But our words o' command are "Scatter" an' "Cl
an' "Let your wounded lie."
We used to rescue 'em noble once,—
Givin' the range as we raised 'em once,
Gettin' 'em killed as we saved 'em once—
But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the lan-
you view
After a fight round the kopjes, lookin' for men
we knew;

* Horse-holders when in action, and therefore get
under cover.

Whistlin' an' callin' together, 'altin' to catch the
reply:—

"'Elp me! Oh 'elp me, Ikonas!" This way,
the——M. I!

I wish my mother could see me now, a-gatherin'
news on my own,

When I ride like a General up to the scrub and
ride back like Tod Sloan,

Remarkable close to my 'orse's neck to let the shots
go by.

We used to fancy it risky once

(Called it a reconnaissance once),

Under the charge of an orf'cer once,

But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as—that is the song
you must say

When you want men to be Mausered at one and a
penny a day;

We are no five-bob colonials—we are the 'ome-
made supply,
Ask for the London Ikonas! Ring up the—
M. I!

I wish myself could talk to myself as I left 'im a
year ago;
I could tell 'im a lot that would save 'im a lot on
the things that 'e ought to know!
When I think o' that ignorant barrack-bird, it almost
makes me cry.
I used to belong in an Army once
(Gawd! what a rum little Army once),
Red little, dead little Army once!
But now I am M. I!

That is what we are known as—we are the men
that have been
Over a year at the business, smelt it an' felt it
an' seen.

We 'ave got 'old of the needful—you will be told
by-and-by;

Wait till you've 'eard the Ikonas, spoke to the
old M. I.!

*Mount — march, Ikonas! Stand to your 'orses
again!*

*Mop off the frost on the saddles, mop up the miles
on the plain.*

*Out go the stars in the dawnin', up goes our dust to
the sky,*

Walk—trot, Ikonas! Trek jou, the old M. I.!*

* Get ahead.

COLUMNS.

(MOBILE COLUMNS OF THE LATER WAR.)

OUT o' the wilderness, dusty an' dry

(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)

'Oo is it 'eads to the Detail Supply?

(A section, a pompom, an' six 'undred men).

'Ere comes the clerk with 'is lantern an' keys

(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)

"Surplus of everything—draw what you please

*"For the section, the pompom, an' six 'undred
men."*

"What are our orders an' where do we lay?"

(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)

"You came after dark—you will leave before day,

"You section, you pompom, an' six 'undred men!"

Down the tin street, 'alf awake an' unfed,
'Ark to 'em blessin' the Gen'ral in bed!

Now by the church an' the outspan they wind—
Over the ridge an' it's all lef' be'ind

For the section, etc.

Soon they will camp as the dawn's growin' grey,
Roll up for coffee an' sleep while they may—

The section, etc.

Read their 'ome letters, their papers an' such,
For they'll move after dark to astonish the Dutch

With a section, etc.

'Untin' for shade as the long hours pass,
Blankets on rifles or burrows in grass,

Lies the section, etc.

Dossin' or beatin' a shirt in the sun,
Watching chameleons or cleanin' a gun,

Waits the section, etc.

With nothin' but stillness as far as you please,
An' the silly mirage stringin' islands an' seas

Round the section, etc.

So they strips off their hide an' they grills in the ~~air~~
bones,

Till the shadows crawl out from beneath the po~~ne~~
stones

Towards the section, etc.

An' the Mauser-bird stops an' the jackals begin,
An' the 'orse-guard comes up and the Gunner~~s~~
'ook in

As a 'int to the pompom an' six 'undred men. . .

Off through the dark with the stars to rely on—
(Alpha Centauri an' somethin' Orion)

Moves the section, etc.

Same bloomin' 'ole which the ant-bear 'as broke,
Same bloomin' stumble an' same bloomin' joke

Down the section, etc.

Same "which is right?" where the cart-tracks divide,
Same "give it up" from the same clever guide
To the section, etc.

Same tumble-down on the same 'idden farm,
Same white-eyed Kaffir 'oo gives the alarm
Of the section, etc.

Same shootin' wild at the end o' the night,
Same flyin' tackle an' same messy fight
By the section, etc.

Same ugly 'iccup an' same 'orrid squeal,
When it's too dark to see an' it's too late to feel
In the section, etc.

(Same batch of prisoners, 'airy an' still,
Watchin' their comrades bolt over the 'ill
From the section, etc.)

Same chilly glare in the eye of the sun
As 'e gets up displeased to see what was done
By the section, etc.

Same splash o' pink on the stoep or the kraal,
An' the same quiet face which 'as finished with all
In the section, the pompom, an' six 'undred men.

Out o' the wilderness, dusty an' dry
(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)
'Oo is it 'eads to the Detail Supply?
(A section, a pompom, an' six 'undred men).

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS.

"... On the —th instant a mixed detachment of colonials left — for Cape Town, there to rejoin their respective home-ward-bound contingents, after fifteen months' service in the field. They were escorted to the station by the regular troops in garrison and the bulk of Colonel ——'s column, which has just come in to refit, preparatory to further operations. The leave-taking was of the most cordial character, the men cheering each other continuously."—*Any Newspaper*.

WE'VE rode and fought and ate and drunk as rations
come to hand,

Together for a year and more around this stinkin' land:
Now you are goin' home again, but we must see it
through.

We needn't tell we liked you well. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

You 'ad no special call to come, and so you doubled
out,
And learned us how to camp and cook an' steal a
horse and scout:

Whatever game we fancied most, you joyful
it too,
And rather better on the whole. Good-bye
luck to you!

There isn't much we 'aven't shared, since
cut and run,
The same old work, the same old skoff, the
old dust and sun;
The same old chance that laid us out, or win
let us through;
The same old Life, the same old Death. Good
—good luck to you!

Our blood 'as truly mixed with yours—all do
Red Cross train,
We've bit the same thermometer in Black
typhoidtein.
We've 'ad the same old temp'rature — the
relapses too,
The same old saw-backed fever-chart. Good
good luck to you!

But 'twasn't merely this an' that (which all the world
may know),

'Twas how you talked an' looked at things which
made us like you so.

All independent, queer an' odd, but most amazin'
new,

My word! you shook us up to rights. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

Think o' the stories round the fire, the tales along
the trek—

O' Calgary an' Wellin'ton, an' Sydney and Quebec;
Of mine an' farm, an' ranch an' run, an' moose an'
cariboo,

An' parrots peckin' lambs to death! Good-bye—
good luck to you!

We've seen you 'ome by word o' mouth, we've
watched your rivers shine,

We've 'eard your bloomin' forests blow of eucalip'
and pine;

Your young, gay countries north an' south, we d
we own 'em too,
For they was made by rank an' file. Good-bye
good luck to you!

We'll never read the papers now without inquir
first
For word from all those friendly dorps where y
was born an' nursed.
Why, Dawson, Galle, an' Montreal—Port Darwin
Timaru,
They're only just across the road! Good-bye—go
luck to you!

Good-bye!—So-long! Don't lose yourselves—nor
nor all kind friends,
But tell the girls your side the drift we're comin'
when it ends!
Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! You've taught
somethin' new:
The world's no bigger than a kraal. Good-bye
good luck to you!

TWO KOPJES.

(MADE YEOMANRY.)

ONLY two African kopjes,
Only the cart-tracks that wind
Empy and open between 'em,
Only the Transvaal behind;
Only an Aldershot column
Marching to conquer the land . . .
Only a sudden and solemn
Visit, unarmed, to the Rand.

Then scorn not the African kopje,
The kopje that smiles in the heat,
The wholly unoccupied kopje,
The home of Cornelius and Piet,
You can never be sure of your kopje,
But of this be you blooming well sure,
A kopje is always a kopje,
And a Boojer is always a Boer!

Only two African kopjes,
 Only the vultures above,
Only baboons—at the bottom,
 Only some buck on the move;
Only a Kensington draper
 Only pretending to scout . . .
Only bad news for the paper,
 Only another knock-out.

 Then mock not the African kopje,
 And rub not your flank on its side,
The silent and simmering kopje,
 The kopje beloved by the guide.
You can never be, etc.

Only two African kopjes,
 Only the dust of their wheels,
Only a bolted commando,
 Only our guns at their heels . . .
Only a little barb-wire,
 Only a natural fort,
Only “by sections retire,”
 Only “regret to report!”

Then mock not the African kopje,
Especially when it is twins,
One sharp and one table-topped kopje,
For that's where the trouble begins.
You never can be, etc.

Only two African kopjes
Baited the same as before—
Only we've had it so often,
Only we're taking no more . . .
Only a wave to our troopers,
Only our flanks swinging past,
Only a dozen voorloopers,
Only *we've* learned it at last!

Then mock not the African kopje,
But take off your hat to the same,
The patient, impartial old kopje,
The kopje that taught us the game!
For all that we knew in the Columns,
And all they've forgot on the Staff,
We learned at the fight o' Two Kopjes,
Which lasted two years an' a half.

*O mock not the African kopje,
Not even when peace has been signed—
The kopje that isn't a kopje—
The kopje that copies its kind.
You can never be sure of your kopje,
But of this be you blooming well sure,
That a kopje is always a kopje,
And a Boojer is always a Boer!*

THE INSTRUCTOR.

(CORPORALS.)

At times when under cover I 'ave said,
To keep my spirits up an' raise a laugh,
'Earin' 'im pass so busy over-'ead—
Old Nickel Neck, 'oo isn't on the Staff—
"There's one above is greater than us all."

Before 'im I 'ave seen my Colonel fall,
An' watched 'im write my Captain's epitaph,
So that a long way off it could be read—
He 'as the knack o' makin' men feel small—
Old Whistle Tip, 'oo isn't on the Staff.

There is no sense in fleein' (I 'ave fled),
Better go on an' do the belly-crawl,
An' 'ope 'e 'll 'it some other man instead
Of you 'e seems to 'unt so speshual—
Fitzzy van Spitz, 'oo isn't on the Staff.

An' thus in mem'ry's gratis biograph,
Now that the show is over, I recall
The peevish voice an' 'oary mushroom 'ead
Of 'im we owned was greater than us all,
'Oo give instruction to the quick an' the dead-
The Shudderin' Beggar not upon the Staff.

BOOTS.

(INFANTRY COLUMNS OF THE EARLIER WAR.)

E foot—slog—slog—slog—sloggin' over Africa!
—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—
s—boots—boots—boots, movin' up and down
again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

—six—eleven—five—nine-an'-twenty mile to-
day—
—eleven—seventeen—thirty-two the day be-
fore—
s—boots—boots—boots, movin' up and down
again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

—don't—don't—don't—look at what's in front
of you

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' d
again);

Men — men — men — men — men go mad
watchin' 'em,

An' there's no discharge in the war.

Try — try — try — try — to think o' something
ferent—

Oh—my—God—keep—me from goin' lunatic!

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' d
again!)

There's no discharge in the war.

Count—count—count—count—the bullets in
bandoliers;

If — your — eyes — drop — they will get atop
you

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up and d
again)—

There's no discharge in the war!

We—can—stick—out—'unger, thirst, an' weariness,
But—not—not—not—not the chronic sight of
'em—

Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again,

An' there's no discharge in the war!

'Tain't—so—bad—by—day because o' company,
But night—brings—long—strings o' forty thousand
million

Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again.

There's no discharge in the war!

I—'ave—marched—six—weeks in 'Ell an' certify
It—is—not—fire—devils dark or anything
But boots — boots — boots, movin' up an' down
again,

An' there's no discharge in the war!

THE MARRIED MAN.

(RESERVIST OF THE LINE.)

THE bachelor 'e fights for one
As joyful as can be;
But the married man don't call it fun,
Because 'e fights for three—
For 'Im an' 'Er an' It
(An' Two an' One makes Three)
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea!

The bachelor pokes up 'is 'ead
To see if you are gone;
But the married man lies down instead,
An' waits till the sights come on.

For 'Im an' 'Er an' a hit
 (Direct or ricochee)
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
 An' e' wants to go 'ome to 'is tea.

The bachelor will miss you clear
 To fight another day;
But the married man, 'e says "No fear!"
 'E wants you out of the way
Of 'Im an' 'Er an' It
 (An' 'is road to 'is farm or the sea),
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
 An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea.

The bachelor 'e fights 'is fight
 An' stretches out an' snores;
But the married man sits up all night—
 For 'e don't like out o' doors:
'E 'll strain an' listen an' peer
 An' give the first alarm—
For the sake o' the breathin' 'e 's used to 'ear
 An' the 'ead on the thick of 'is arm.

The bachelor may risk 'is 'ide
To 'elp you when you're downed;
But the married man will wait beside
Till the ambulance comes round.
'E 'll take your 'ome address
An' all you've time to say,
Or if 'e sees there's 'ope, 'e 'll press
Your art'ry 'alf the day—

For 'Im an' 'Er an' It
(An' One from Three leaves Two),
For 'e knows you wanted to finish your bit,
An' 'e knows 'oo 's wantin' you.
Yes, 'Im an' 'Er an' It
(Our 'oly One in Three),
We're all of us anxious to finish our bit,
An' we want to get 'ome to our tea!

Yes, It an' 'Er an' 'Im,
Which often makes me think
The married man must sink or swim
An'—'e can't afford to sink!

Oh 'Im an' It an' 'Er

Since Adam an' Eve began,

So I'd rather fight with the bachelor

An' be nursed by the married man!

LICHTENBERG.

(N.S.W. CONTINGENT.)

SMELLS are surer than sounds or sights

To make your heart-strings crack—

They start those awful voices o' nights

That whisper, "Old man, come back."

That must be why the big things pass

And the little things remain,

Like the smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,


Riding in, in the rain.

There was some silly fire on the flank

And the small wet drizzling down—

There were the sold-out shops and the bank

And the wet, wide-open town;



And we were doing escort-duty
 To somebody's baggage-train,
And I smelt wattle by Lichtenberg—
 Riding in, in the rain.

It was all Australia to me—
 All I had found or missed:
Every face I was crazy to see,
 And every woman I'd kissed:
All that I shouldn't ha' done, God knows!
 (As He knows I'll do it again),
That smell of the wattle round Lichtenberg,
 Riding in, in the rain!

And I saw Sydney the same as ever,
 The picnics and brass-bands;
And the little homestead on Hunter River
 And my new vines joining hands.
It all came over me in one act
 Quick as a shot through the brain—
With the smell of the wattle round Lichtenberg,
 Riding in, in the rain.

I have forgotten a hundred fights,
But one I shall not forget—
With the raindrops bunting up my sights
And my eyes bunged up with wet;
And through the crack and the stink of the *condite*
(Ah Christ! My country again!)
The smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain!

STELLENBOSH.

(COMPOSITE COLUMNS.)

THE General 'eard the firin' on the flank,

An' 'e sent a mounted man to bring 'im back

The silly, pushin' person's name an' rank

'Oo'd dared to answer Brother Boer's attack.

For there might 'ave been a serious engagement,

An' 'e might 'ave wasted 'alf a dozen men:

So 'e ordered 'im to stop 'is operations round the
kopjes,

An' 'e told 'im off before the Staff at ten!

And it all goes into the laundry,

But it never comes out in the wash,

'Ow we're sugared about by the old men

('Eavy-sterned amateur old men!)

That 'amper an' 'inder an' scold men

For fear o' Stellenbosh!

The General 'ad "produced a great effect,"

The General 'ad the country cleared—almost ;

The General "'ad no reason to expect,"

And the Boers 'ad us bloomin' well on toast!

For we might 'ave crossed the drift before ~~the~~
twilight,

Instead o' sitting down an' takin' root;

But we was not allowed, so the Boojers scooped ~~the~~
crowd,

To the last survivin' bandolier an' boot.

The General saw the farm'ouse in 'is rear,

With its stoep so nicely shaded from the sun;

Sez 'e, "I'll pitch my tabernacle 'ere,"

An' 'e kept us muckin' round till 'e 'ad done.

For 'e might 'ave caught the confluent pneumonia

From sleepin' in his gaiters in the dew;

So 'e took a book an' dozed while the other columns
closed,

And ——'s commando out an' trickled through!

The General saw the mountain-range ahead,

With their 'elios showin' saucy on the 'eight,

So 'e 'eld us to the level ground instead,

An' telegraphed the Boojers wouldn't fight.

For 'e might 'ave gone an' sprayed 'em with a
pompom,

Or 'e might 'ave slung a squadron out to see—

But 'e wasn't takin' chances in them 'igh an' 'ostile
kranzes—

He was markin' time to earn a K.C.B.

The General got 'is decorations thick

(The men that backed 'is lies could not complain),

The Staff 'ad D.S.O.'s till we was sick,

An' the soldier—'ad the work to do again!

For 'e might 'ave known the District was a 'otbed,

Instead of 'andin' over, upside-down,

To a man 'oo 'ad to fight 'alf a year to put it
right,

While the General went an' slandered 'im in
town!

An' it all went into the laundry,

But it never came out in the wash.

We were sugared about by the old men
(Panicky, perishin' old men)
That 'amper an' 'inder an' scold men
For fear o' Stellenbosh!

HALF-BALLAD OF WATERVAL.

WHEN by the labour of my 'ands
I've 'elped to pack a transport tight
With prisoners for foreign lands,
I ain't transported with delight.
I know it's only just an' right,
But yet it somehow sickens me,
For I 'ave learned at Waterval
The meanin' of captivity.

Be'ind the pegged barb-wire strands,
Beneath the tall electric light,
We used to walk in bare-'ead bands,
Explainin' 'ow we lost our fight.
An' that is what they'll do to-night
Upon the steamer out at sea,
If I 'ave learned at Waterval
The meanin' of captivity.

They'll never know the shame that brands—
Black shame no livin' down makes white,
The mockin' from the sentry-stands,
The women's laugh, the gaoler's spite.
We are too bloomin' much polite,
But that is 'ow I'd 'ave us be . . .
Since I 'ave learned at Waterval
The meanin' of captivity.

They'll get those draggin' days all right,
Spent as a foreigner commands,
An' 'orrors of the locked-up night,
With 'Ell's own thinkin' on their 'ands.
I'd give the gold o' twenty Rands
(If it was mine) to set 'em free . . .
For I 'ave learned at Waterval
The meanin' of captivity!

PIET.

(REGULAR OF THE LINE.)

I DO not love my Empire's foes,
Nor call 'em angels; still,
What *is* the sense of 'atin' those
'Oom you are paid to kill?
So, barrin' all that foreign lot
Which only joined for spite,
Myself, I'd just as soon as not
Respect the man I fight.

Ah there, Piet!—'is trousers to 'is knees,
'Is coat-tails lyin' level in the bullet-
sprinkled breeze;
'E does not lose 'is rifle an' 'e does not
lose 'is seat,
I've known a lot o' people ride a dam'
sight worse than Piet!

I've 'eard 'im cryin' from the ground
Like Abel's blood of old,
An' skirmished out to look, an' found
The beggar nearly cold;
I've waited on till 'e was dead
(Which couldn't 'elp 'im much),
But many grateful things 'e 's said
To me for doin' such.

Ah there, Piet! whose time 'as come to ^{die,}
'Is carcase past rebellion, but 'is eyes ⁱⁿ⁻
quirin' why.

Though dressed in stolen uniform wit^h
badge o' rank complete,
I've known a lot o' fellers go a dam' sight
worse than Piet.

An' when there wasn't aught to do
But camp and cattle-guards,
I've fought with 'im the 'ole day through
At fifteen 'undred yards;
Long afternoons o' lyin' still,
An' 'earin' as you lay

The bullets swish from 'ill to 'ill
Like scythes among the 'ay.
Ah there, Piet!—be'ind 'is stony kop,
With 'is Boer bread an' biltong, an' 'is
flask of awful Dop;
'Is Mauser for amusement an' 'is pony for
retreat,
I've known a lot o' fellers shoot a dam'
sight worse than Piet.

He's shoved 'is rifle 'neath my nose
Before I'd time to think,
An' borrowed all my Sunday clo'es
An' sent me 'ome in pink;
An' I 'ave crept (Lord, 'ow I've crept!)
On 'ands an' knees I've gone,
And spooed and floored and caught and kept
An' sent him to Ceylon!
Ah there, Piet!—you've sold me many a
pup,
When week on week alternate it was you
an' me "'ands up!"

But though I never made *you* walk *man*-
naked in the 'eat,
I've known a lot of fellows stalk a *dam*'
sight worse than Piet.

From Plewman's to Marabastad,
From Ookiep to De Aar,
Me an' my trusty friend 'ave 'ad,
As you might say, a war;
But seein' what both parties done
Before 'e owned defeat,
I ain't more proud of 'avin' won,
Than I am pleased with Piet.
Ah there, Piet!—picked up be'ind the
drive!
The wonder wasn't 'ow 'e fought, but 'ow
'e kep' alive,
With nothin' in 'is belly, on 'is back, or to
'is feet—
I've known a lot o' men behave a dam'
sight worse than Piet.

No more I'll 'ear 'is rifle crack
Along the block'ouse fence—
The beggar's on the peaceful tack,
Regardless of expense.
For countin' what 'e eats an' draws,
An' gifts an' loans as well,
'E's gettin' 'alf the Earth, because
'E didn't give us 'Ell!
Ah there, Piet! with your brand-new Eng-
lish plough,
Your gratis tents an' cattle, an' your most
ungrateful frow.
You've made the British taxpayer rebuild
your country-seat—
I've known some pet battalions charge a
dam' sight less than Piet.


"WILFUL-MISSING."

THERE is a world outside the one you know,
To which for curiousness 'Ell can't compare—
It is the place where "wilful-missings" go,
As we can testify, for we are there.

You may 'ave read a bullet laid us low,
That we was gathered in "with reverent care"
And buried proper. But it was not so,
As we can testify, for we are there.

They can't be certain—faces alter so
After the old Aasvogel's 'ad 'is share;
The uniform's the mark by which they go—
And—ain't it odd?—the one we best can spare.

We might 'ave seen our chance to cut the show—
Name, number, record, an' begin elsewhere—



Leavin' some not too late-lamented foe
 One funeral—private—British—for 'is share.

We may 'ave took it yonder in the Low
 Bush-veldt that sends men stragglin' unaware
Among the Kaffirs, till their columns go,
 An' they are left past call or count or care.

We might 'ave been your lovers long ago,
 'Usbands or children—comfort or despair.
Our death (an' burial) settles all we owe,
 An' why we done it is our own affair.

Marry again, and we will not say no,
 Nor come to bastardise the kids you bear:
Wait on in 'ope—you've all your life below
 Before you'll ever 'ear us on the stair.

There is no need to give our reasons, though
 Gawd knows we all 'ad reasons which were fair
 But other people might not judge 'em so,
 And now it doesn't matter what they were.

What man can size or weigh another's woe?

There are some things too bitter 'ard to bea**n**.
Suffice it we 'ave finished—Domino!

As we can testify, for we are there,
In the side-world where "wilful-missings" go.

UBIQUE.

THERE is a word you often see, pronounce it as you may—

“You bike,” “you bykwe,” “ubbikwe”—alludin’ to R.A.

It serves ‘Orse, Field, an’ Garrison as motto for a crest,

An’ when you’ve found out all it means I’ll tell you ‘alf the rest.

Ubique means the long-range Krupp be’ind the low-range ‘ill—

Ubique means you’ll pick it up an’ while you do stand still.

Ubique means you’ve caught the flash an’ timed it by the sound.

Ubique means five gunners’ ‘ash before you’ve loosed a round.

Ubique means Blue Fuse, an' make the 'ole to sink
the trail.

Ubique means stand up an' take the Mauser's 'alf-
mile 'ail.

Ubique means the crazy team not God nor man ca-
'old.

Ubique means that 'orse's scream which turns you
innards cold!

Ubique means "Bank, 'Olborn, Bank—a penny al-
the way—"

The soothin', jingle-bump-an'-clank from day to peace-
ful day.

Ubique means "They've caught De Wet, an' now we
shan't be long."

Ubique means "I much regret, the beggar's goin'
strong!"

Ubique means the tearin' drift where, breech-blocks
jammed with mud,

The khaki muzzles duck an' lift across the khaki
flood.

Ubique means the dancing plain that changes rocks
to Boers.

Ubique means the mirage again an' shellin' all
outdoors.

Ubique means "Entrain at once for Grootdefeat-
fontein!"

Ubique means "Off-load your guns"—at midnight in
the rain!

Ubique means "More mounted men. Return all guns
to store."

Ubique means the R.A.M.R. Infantillery Corps!

Ubique means that warnin' grunt the perished lines-
man knows,

When o'er 'is strung an' sufferin' front the shrapnel
sprays 'is foes;

An' as their firin' dies away the 'usky whisper
runs

From lips that 'aven't drunk all day: "The Guns
Thank Gawd, the Guns!"

Extreme, depressed, point-blank or short, &
any'ow,
From Colesberg Kop to Quagga's Poort—from
Nine till now—
By what I've 'eard the others tell an' I in
seen,
There's nothin' this side 'Eaven or 'E
doesn't mean!

THE RETURN.

(ALL ARMS.)

PEACE is declared, an' I return
To 'Ackneystadt, but not the same;
Things 'ave transpired which made me learn
The size and meanin' of the game.
I did no more than others did,
I don't know where the change began;
I started as a avérage kid,
I finished as a thinkin' man.

*If England was what England seems,
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop 'er! But she ain't!*

Before my gappin' mouth could speak

I 'eard it in my comrade's tone;

I saw it on my neighbour's cheek

Before I felt it flush my own.

An' last it come to me—not pride,

Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole

(If such a term may be applied),

The makin's of a bloomin' soul.

Rivers at night that cluck an' jeer,

Plains which the moonshine turns to sea

Mountains that never let you near,

An' stars to all eternity;

An' the quick-breathin' dark that fills

The 'ollows of the wilderness,

When the wind worries through the 'ills—

These may 'ave taught me more or less.

Towns without people, ten times took,

An' ten times left an' burned at last;

An' starvin' dogs that come to look

For owners when a column passed;

An' quiet, 'omesick talks between
Men, met by night, you never knew
Until—'is face—by shellfire seen—
Once—an' struck off. They taught me too.

The day's lay-out—the mornin' sun
Beneath your 'at-brim as you sight;
The dinner-'ush from noon till one,
An' the full roar that lasts till night;
An' the pore dead that look so old
An' was so young an hour ago,
An' legs tied down before they're cold—
These are the things which make you know.

Also Time runnin' into years—
A thousand Places left be'ind—
An' Men from both two 'emispheres
Discussin' things of every kind;
So much more near than I 'ad known,
So much more great than I 'ad guessed—
An' me, like all the rest, alone—
But reachin' out to all the rest!

So 'ath it come to me—not pride,
Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole
(If such a term may be applied),
The makin's of a bloomin' soul.
But now, discharged, I fall away
To do with little things again. . . .
Gawd, 'oo knows all I cannot say,
Look after me in Thamesfontein!

*If England was what England seems,
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er! But she ain't!*

RECESSIONAL.

(1897.)

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in a ^{ve,}
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

THE END.

PRINTING OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.

1

1

1

*Sold by all Booksellers and at all Railway Bookstalls
on the Continent.*

No private orders are executed by the publisher.

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

May 1, 1904.

*(This list appears on the first of each month, and contains all
publications up to date.)*

Contents:

Collection of British and American Authors. Complete List	Page 2
Series for the Young . Page 29	Students' Series . . . „ 30. 31
German Authors . . . „ 29. 30	Manuals & Dictionaries „ 31. 32

To correct any false ideas that may still exist in regard to the
Copyright of the Tauchnitz Edition, the publishers beg to state
that every volume is published with

**Continental Copyright acquired
directly by purchase from the author or his representative.**

The copyright being, however, confined to the Continent only, the
volumes may not be introduced into England or any British Colony.
Fuller information on this important subject will be found in the
Larger Catalogue mentioned below.

A larger and more fully detailed Catalogue

of the Tauchnitz publications—containing much important and useful
information in regard to authors and their works, and specially
arranged for ready reference—is to be had on application of all
booksellers gratis.

Particulars of the Latest Tauchnitz Volumes

will be found: *firstly*, within and outside the *Covers* of each volume in
the *Collection*; *secondly*, on the *Bookmark* supplied with each work;
and *thirdly*, in a *Monthly Descriptive List* supplied gratis by all
booksellers.

Complete List of the Collection of British and American

*Published with Continental Copyright by special arrangement
with the authors. Vide p. 1.*

3732 Volumes. 387 British, 48 American
3395 Volumes by British, 337 Volumes by American

— Price 1 M. 60 Pf. or 2 Fr. per Volume

Adams, Rev. W., † 1848.
Sacred Allegories 1 v.

Aguilar, Grace, † 1847.
Home Influence 2 v. — The Mother's
Recompense 2 v.

Aïdé, Hamilton.
Rita 1 v. — Carr of Carriyon 2 v. — The
Marstons 2 v. — In that State of Life 1 v. —
Morals and Mysteries 1 v. — Penruddocke
2 v. — "A nine Days' Wonder" 1 v. —
Poet and Peer 2 v. — Introduced to Society
1 v.

Ainsworth, W. Harrison, † 1882.
Windsor Castle 1 v. — Saint James's 1 v.
— Jack Sheppard (with Portrait) 1 v. —
The Lancashire Witches 2 v. — The Star-
Chamber 2 v. — The Flitch of Bacon 1 v. —
The Spendthrift 1 v. — Mervyn Clitheroe
2 v. — Ovingdean Grange 1 v. — The Con-
stable of the Tower 1 v. — The Lord
Mayor of London 2 v. — Cardinal Pole
2 v. — John Law 2 v. — The Spanish
Match 2 v. — The Constable de Bourbon
2 v. — Old Court 2 v. — Myddleton Pom-
fret 2 v. — The South-Sea Bubble 2 v. —
Hilary St. Ives 2 v. — Talbot Harland
1 v. — Tower Hill 1 v. — Boscobel 2 v. —
The Good Old Times 2 v. — Merry Eng-

land 2 v. — The Gold
Preston Fight 2 v. —
2 v. — The League
The Fall of Somers
Tyldesley 2 v. — Bea-
Breton 2 v.

Alcott, Louisa
Little Women 2 v. —
An Old-Fashioned
1 v.

Aldrich, Thon
Marjorie Daw and
The Stillwater Tragedy

Alexander, Mr
A Second Life 3 v.
1 v. — Mona's Chol-
terest 2 v. — A Crook
Fate 2 v. — A Woman
His Sake 2 v. — The
2 v. — Found Want
Chancery 1 v. — A C
A Fight with Fate
Hazard 1 v. — A G
Mrs. Crichton's Cre
Lady's Maid and Pe
of Her Pride 2 v. —
Through Fire to Fort
Hero 1 v. — The Y
Stronger than Love

Alice, Grand-Duchess of Hesse,
† 1878.

Letters to Her Majesty the Queen (with Portrait). With a Memoir by H. R. H. Princess Christian 2 v.

Alldridge, Lizzie.

My Love and Law 2 v. — **The World she moves in** 2 v.

Allen, Grant, † 1899.

The Woman who did it 1 v.

"All for Greed," Author of
(**Baroness de Bury**).

All for Greed 1 v. — **Love the Avenger** 2 v.

Anstey, F. (Guthrie).

The Giant's Robe 2 v. — **A Fallen Idol** 2 v. — **The Fariah** 3 v. — **The Talking Horse and other Tales** 1 v. — **Voices of the Past (First and Second Series)** 1 v. — **The Brass Bottle** 1 v. — **A Bayard from England** 1 v.

Angles, Mrs.: vide Mrs. Hungerford.

"Aristocrats, the," Author of:
vide Gertrude Atherton.

Arnold, Sir Edwin.

The Light of Asia (with Portrait) 1 v.

Arnold, Matthew, † 1888.

Essays in Criticism 2 v. — **Essays in Criticism (Second Series)** 1 v.

Atherton, Gertrude Franklin (Am.).

American Wives and English Husbands 1 v. — **The Californians** 1 v. — **Patience Sparhawk and her Times** 2 v. — **Senator North** 2 v. — **The Doomsdancer** 1 v. — **The Aristocrats** 1 v. — **The Splendid Idle Forties** 1 v. — **The Conqueror** 2 v. — **A Daughter of the Vine** 1 v. — **His Fortunate Grace,** etc. 1 v.

Austen, Jane, † 1817.

Sense and Sensibility 1 v. — **Mansfield Park** 1 v. — **Pride and Prejudice** 1 v. — **Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion** 1 v. — **Emma** 1 v.

"Autobiography of Lutfullah,"
Author of: **vide E. B. Eastwick.**

Avebury, Lord: vide Sir John Lubbock.

Bagot, Richard.

A Roman Mystery 2 v. — **Casting of Nets** 2 v. — **The Just and the Unjust** 2 v. — **Donna Diana** 2 v.

Baring-Gould, S.

Mehalah 1 v. — **John Herring** 2 v. — **Court Royal** 2 v.

Barker, Lady (Lady Broome).

Station Life in New Zealand 1 v. — **Station Amusements in New Zealand** 1 v. — **A Year's Housekeeping in South Africa** 1 v. — **Letters to Guy, and A Distant Shore—Rodrigues** 1 v.

Barrett, Frank.

The Smuggler's Secret 1 v. — **Out of the Jaws of Death** 2 v.

Barrie, J. M.

Sentimental Tommy 2 v. — **Margaret Oliphant** 1 v. — **Tommy and Grizel** 2 v. — **The Little White Bird** 1 v.

"Bayle's Romance, Miss," Author of: **vide W. Fraser Rae.**

Baynes, Rev. Robert H.

Lyra Anglicana, Hymns and Sacred Songs 1 v.

Beaconsfield, Lord: vide Disraeli.

Beaumont, Averil (Mrs. Hunt).
Thornicroft's Model 2 v.

Bell, Currer (Charlotte Brontë—Mrs. Nicholls), † 1855.

Jane Eyre 2 v. — **Shirley** 2 v. — **Villette** 2 v. — **The Professor** 1 v.

Bell, Ellis & Acton (Emily, † 1848, and Anne, † 1849, Brontë).

Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey 2 v.

Bellamy, Edward (Am.), † 1898.
Looking Backward 1 v.

Benedict, Frank Lee (Am.).
St. Simon's Niece 2 v.

Bennett, Arnold.
The Grand Babylon Hotel 1 v. — The Gates of Wrath 1 v.

Benson, E. F.
Dodo 1 v. — The Rubicon 1 v. — Scarlet and Hyssop 1 v. — The Book of Months 1 v. — The Relentless City 1 v. — Mammon & Co. 2 v.

Besant, Sir Walter, † 1901.
The Revolt of Man 1 v. — Dorothy Forster 2 v. — Children of Gibeon 2 v. — The World went very well then 2 v. — Katharine Regina 1 v. — Herr Paulus 2 v. — The Inner House 1 v. — The Bell of St. Paul's 2 v. — For Faith and Freedom 2 v. — Armored of Lyonesse 2 v. — Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, etc. 1 v. — Beyond the Dreams of Avarice 2 v. — The Master Craftsman 2 v. — A Fountain Sealed 1 v. — The Orange Girl 2 v. — The Fourth Generation 1 v. — The Lady of Lynn 2 v.

Besant, Sir Walter, † 1901, & James Rice, † 1882.
The Golden Butterfly 2 v. — Ready-Money Mortiboy 2 v. — By Celia's Arbour 2 v.

Betham-Edwards, M.
The Sylvestres 1 v. — Felicia 2 v. — Brother Gabriel 2 v. — Forestalled 1 v. — Exchange no Robbery, and other Novelles 1 v. — Disarmed 1 v. — Doctor Jacob 1 v. — Pearla 1 v. — Next of Kin Wanted 1 v. — The Parting of the Ways 1 v. — For One and the World 1 v. — The Romance of a French Parsonage 1 v. — France of To-day 1 v. — Two Aunts and a Nephew 1 v. — A Dream of Millions 1 v. — The Curb of Honour 1 v. — France of To-day (*Second Series*) 1 v. — A Romance of Dijon 1 v. — The Dream-Charlotte 1 v. — A Storm-Rent Sky 1 v. — Reminiscences 1 v. — The Lord of the Harvest 1 v. — Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1875—1899 1 v. — A Suffolk Courtship 1 v. — Mock Beggars' Hall 1 v. — East of Paris 1 v. — A Humble Lover 1 v. — Barham Brocklebank, M.D. 1 v.

Bierce, Ambrose (Am.).
In the Midst of Life 1 v.

Birchenough, Mabel C.
Potsherds 1 v.

Bisland, E.: v. Rhoda B.
ton.

Bismarck, Prince: vide
Vide also Wilhelm G
(Collection of German A
p. 29), and Whitman.

Black, William, † 1898.
A Daughter of Heth 2 v. — In
tire 2 v. — The Strange Advent
Phaeton 2 v. — A Princess of The
Kilmeny 1 v. — The Maid of Kille
other Stories 1 v. — Three Feather
Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, a
Stories 1 v. — Madcap Violet
Green Pastures and Piccadilly
MacLeod of Dare 2 v. — White
2 v. — Sunrise 2 v. — The Beautif
1 v. — Mr. Pisistratus Brown, I
the Highlands; The Four Macnic
Pupil of Aurelius 1 v. — Shand
(with Portrait) 2 v. — Judith Sha
2 v. — The Wise Women of Ir
etc. 1 v. — White Heather 2 v. —
Zembra 2 v. — The Strange Ad
of a House-Boat 2 v. — In Far I
2 v. — The New Prince Fortunat
Stand Fast, Craig-Royston 12 v. —
Ross of Heimra 2 v. — The Ma
and other Tales 1 v. — Wolfenbe
The Handsome Humes 2 v. — F
Cousins 2 v. — Briseis 2 v. — Wild I

"Black-Box Murder,
Author of.
The Black-Box Murder 1 v.

Blackmore, Richard Dod
† 1900.
Alice Lorraine 2 v. — Mary Ane
— Christowell 2 v. — Tommy
2 v. — Perlycross 2 v.

"Blackwood."
Tales from "Blackwood" (*First*
1 v. — Tales from "Blackwood"
Series) 1 v.

Blagden, Isa, † 1873.
The Woman I loved, and the
who loved me; A Tuscan Wedd

ington, Countess of (Mar-
erite Gardiner), † 1849.

1 x v. — Strathern 2 v. — Me-
a *Femme de Chambre* 1 v. —
uke Herbert 2 v. — Country
(with Portrait) 2 v.

omfield, Baroness.

ences of Court and Diplomatic
th the Portrait of Her Majesty
m) 2 v.

rewood, Rolf.

under Arms 2 v. — Nevermore

ldon, Miss (Mrs. Maxwell).

udley's Secret 2 v. — Aurora
r. — Eleanor's Victory 2 v. — John
out's Legacy 2 v. — Henry Dun-
.— The Doctor's Wife 2 v. —
Clod 2 v. — Sir Jasper's Tenant
e Lady's Mile 2 v. — Rupert God-
— Dead-Sea Fruit 2 v. — Run to
v. — Fenton's Quest 2 v. — The
of Arden 2 v. — Strangers and
2 v. — Lucius Davoren 3 v. —
t the Flood 3 v. — Lost for Love
Strange World 2 v. — Hostages
me 2 v. — Dead Men's Shoes
shua Haggard's Daughter 2 v. —
and West 1 v. — In Great Waters,
er Tales 1 v. — An Open Verdict
ixen 3 v. — The Cloven Foot 3 v.
itory of Barbara 2 v. — Just as I
— Asphodel 3 v. — Mount Royal
be Golden Calf 2 v. — Flower and
v. — Phantom Fortune 3 v. —
he Red Flag 1 v. — Ishmael 3 v.
ard's Weird 3 v. — One Thing
2 v. — Cut by the County 1 v. —
d Unlike 2 v. — The Fatal Three
he Day will come 2 v. — One
ne Love 2 v. — Gerard 2 v. —
etians 2 v. — All along the River
ou art the Man 2 v. — The Christ-
elings, etc. 1 v. — Sons of Fire
ondon Pride 2 v. — Rough Justice
High Places 2 v. — His Darling
— The Infidel 2 v. — The Conflict

sey, Lady, † 1887.

ge in the "Sunbeam" 2 v. —
e and Storm in the East 2 v. — In
des, the Tropics and the Roaring
v.

"Bread-Winners, the," Author
of (Am.).

The Bread-Winners 1 v.

Bret Harte: *vide* Harte.

Brock, Rev. William, † 1875.

Sir Henry Havelock, K. C. B. 1 v.

Brontë, Charlotte: *vide* Currer
Bell.

Brontë, Emily & Anne: *vide*
Ellis & Acton Bell.

Brooks, Shirley, † 1874.

The Silver Cord 3 v. — Sooner or Later
3 v.

Broome, Lady: *vide* Lady
Barker.

Broughton, Rhoda.

Cometh up as a Flower 1 v. — Not
wisely, but too well 2 v. — Red as a Rose
is She 2 v. — Tales for Christmas Eve
1 v. — Nancy 2 v. — Joan 2 v. — Second
Thoughts 2 v. — Belinda 2 v. — Doctor
Cupid 2 v. — Alas! 2 v. — Mrs. Bligh
1 v. — A Beginner 1 v. — Scylla or
Charybdis? 1 v. — Dear Faustina 1 v. —
The Game and the Candle 1 v. — Foes in
Law 1 v. — Lavinia 1 v.

Broughton, Rhoda, & Elizabeth
Bisland.

A Widower Indeed 1 v.

Brown, John, † 1882.

Rab and his Friends, and other Papers 1 v.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett,
† 1861.

A Selection from her Poetry (with Por-
trait) 1 v. — Aurora Leigh 1 v.

Browning, Robert, † 1889.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 4 v.

Bullen, Frank T.

The Cruise of the "Cachalot" 2 v.

Bulwer, Edward, Lord Lytton,
† 1873.

Pelham (with Portrait) 1 v. — Eugene Aram 1 v. — Paul Clifford 1 v. — Zanoni 1 v. — The Last Days of Pompeii 1 v. — The Disowned 1 v. — Ernest Maltravers 1 v. — Alice 1 v. — Eva, and The Pilgrims of the Rhine 1 v. — Devereux 1 v. — Godolphin and Falkland 1 v. — Rienzi 1 v. — Night and Morning 1 v. — The Last of the Barons 2 v. — Athens 2 v. — The Poems and Ballads of Schiller 1 v. — Lucretia 2 v. — Harold 2 v. — King Arthur 2 v. — The New Timon, and St. Stephen's 1 v. — The Caxtons 2 v. — My Novel 4 v. — What will he do with it? 4 v. — Dramatic Works 2 v. — A Strange Story 2 v. — Caxtoniana 2 v. — The Lost Tales of Miletus 1 v. — Miscellaneous Prose Works 4 v. — Odes and Epodes of Horace 2 v. — Kenelm Chillingly 4 v. — The Coming Race 1 v. — The Parisians 4 v. — Pausanias, the Spartan 1 v.

Bulwer, Henry Lytton (Lord Dalling), † 1872.

Historical Characters 2 v. — The Life of Viscount Palmerston 3 v.

Bunyan, John, † 1688.

The Pilgrim's Progress 1 v.

"Buried Alone," Author of (Charles Wood).

Buried Alone 1 v.

Burnett, Mrs. Frances Hodgson (Am.).

Through one Administration 2 v. — Little Lord Fauntleroy 1 v. — Sara Crewe, and Editha's Burglar 1 v. — The Pretty Sister of José 1 v. — A Lady of Quality 2 v. — His Grace of Osmonde 2 v.

Burney, Miss (Madame D'Arblay), † 1840.

Evelina 1 v.

Burns, Robert, † 1796.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Burton, Richard F., † 1890.

A Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina 3 v.

Bury, Baroness de: vide "Al for Greed."

Butler, A. J.

Bismarck. His Reflections and Reminiscences. Translated from the German edition, under the supervision of A. J. Butler. With two Portraits. 3 v.

Buxton, Mrs. B. H., † 1881.

Jennie of "The Prince's," 2 v. — Wren 2 v. — Great Grenfell Gardens 2 v. — Nell—on and off the Stage 2 v. — From the Wings 2 v.

Byron, Lord, † 1824.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.

Caffyn, Mrs. Mannington (lots

A Yellow Aster 1 v. — Children of Circumstance 2 v. — Anne Manleverer 1

Caine, Hall.

The Bondman 2 v. — The Manxman 2 v. — The Christian 2 v. — The Eternal City 3 v.

Cameron, Verney Lovett.

Across Africa 2 v.

Campbell Praed, Mrs.: vide Praed.

Carey, Rosa Nouchette.

Not Like other Girls 2 v. — "But M must Work" 1 v. — Sir Godfrey's Grand daughters 2 v. — The Old, Old Story 2 v. — Herb of Grace 2 v. — The Highway Fate 2 v. — A Passage Perilous 2 v.

Carlyle, Thomas, † 1881.

The French Revolution 3 v. — Frederick the Great 13 v. — Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches 4 v. — The Life of Schiller 1 v.

Carr, Alaric.

Treherne's Temptation 2 v.

Castle, Agnes & Egerton.

The Star Dreamer 2 v.

Castle, Egerton.

Consequences 2 v. — "La Bella," 2 Others 1 v.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle,
: *vide* Author of "Chro-
of the Schönberg-Cotta
y."

orth, Maria Louisa,

Mill 1 v.

deley, Mary.

st 2 v. — Red Pottage 2 v.
Rust 1 v.

, Princess: *vide* Alice,
Duchess of Hesse.

cles of the Schönberg-
family," Author of (Mrs.
ndle Charles), † 1896.

the Schönberg-Cotta Fa-
The Draytons and the
v. — On Both Sides of
— Winifred Bertram 1 v. —
Kitty Trevelyon 1 v. —
of the Vanquished 1 v. —
by the Cathedral and other
— Against the Stream 2 v.
um Family 2 v. — Conquer-
quer 1 v. — Lapsed, but not

lfred.

of Lot's Wife 1 v.

, Samuel L.: *v.* Twain.

Mrs. W. K.

of a Worldly Woman 1 v.
2 v. — The Last Touches, and
1 v. — Mrs. Keith's Crime
ld Proxy 1 v. — A Flash of
— A Woman Alone 1 v. —
m 1 v.

rs. Caroline, † 1873:
uthor of "Paul Ferroll."

Frances Power.

v.

e, C. R.

quire 2 v.

Coleridge, M. E.

The King with two Faces 2 v.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor,
† 1834.

Poems 1 v.

Collins, Charles Allston, † 1873.

A Cruise upon Wheels 2 v.

Collins, Mortimer, † 1876.

Sweet and Twenty 2 v. — A Fight with
Fortune 2 v.

Collins, Wilkie, † 1889.

After Dark 1 v. — Hide and Seek 2 v. —
A Plot in Private Life, etc. 1 v. — The
Woman in White 2 v. — Basil 1 v. — No
Name 3 v. — The Dead Secret, and other
Tales 2 v. — Antonina 2 v. — Armadale
3 v. — The Moonstone 2 v. — Man and
Wife 3 v. — Poor Miss Finch 2 v. — Miss
or Mrs. ? 1 v. — The New Magdalen 2 v. —
The Frozen Deep 1 v. — The Law and the
Lady 2 v. — The Two Destinies 1 v. — My
Lady's Money, and Percy and the Prophet
1 v. — The Haunted Hotel 1 v. — The
Fallen Leaves 2 v. — Jezebel's Daughter
2 v. — The Black Robe 2 v. — Heart and
Science 2 v. — "I say No," 2 v. — The Evil
Genius 2 v. — The Guilty River, and The
Ghost's Touch 1 v. — The Legacy of Cain
2 v. — Blind Love 2 v.

"Cometh up as a Flower," Au-
thor of: *vide* Rhoda Brough-
ton.

Conrad, Joseph.

An Outcast of the Islands 2 v. — Tales
of Unrest 1 v.

Conway, Hugh (F. J. Fergus),
† 1885.

Called Back 1 v. — Bound Together
2 v. — Dark Days 1 v. — A Family Affair
2 v. — Living or Dead 2 v.

Cooper, James Fenimore (Am.),
† 1851.

The Spy (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Two
Admirals 1 v. — The Jack O' Lantern 1 v.

Cooper, Mrs.: *vide* Katharine
Saunders.

Corelli, Marie.

Vendetta! 2 v. — Thelma 2 v. — A Romance of Two Worlds 2 v. — "Ardath" 3 v. — Wormwood. A Drama of Paris 2 v. — The Hired Baby, with other Stories and Social Sketches 1 v. — Barabbas; A Dream of the World's Tragedy 2 v. — The Sorrows of Satan 2 v. — The Mighty Atom 1 v. — The Murder of Delicia 1 v. — Ziska 1 v. — Boy. A Sketch. 2 v. — The Master-Christian 2 v. — "Temporal Power" 2 v.

Cotes, Mrs. Everard.

Those Delightful Americans 1 v.

"County, the," Author of.

The County 1 v.

Craik, George Lillie, † 1866.

A Manual of English Literature and of the History of the English Language 2 v.

Craik, Mrs. (Miss Dinah M. Mulock), † 1887.

John Halifax, Gentleman 2 v. — The Head of the Family 2 v. — A Life for a Life 2 v. — A Woman's Thoughts about Women 1 v. — Agatha's Husband 1 v. — Romantic Tales 1 v. — Domestic Stories 1 v. — Mistress and Maid 1 v. — The Ogilvies 1 v. — Lord Erlistoun 1 v. — Christian's Mistake 1 v. — Bread upon the Waters 1 v. — A Noble Life 1 v. — Olive 2 v. — Two Marriages 1 v. — Studies from Life 1 v. — Poems 1 v. — The Woman's Kingdom 2 v. — The Unkind Word, and other Stories 2 v. — A Brave Lady 2 v. — Hannah 2 v. — Fair France 1 v. — My Mother and I 1 v. — The Little Lame Prince 1 v. — Sermons out of Church 1 v. — The Laurel-Bush; Two little Tinkers 1 v. — A Legacy 2 v. — Young Mrs. Jardine 2 v. — His Little Mother, and other Tales and Sketches 1 v. — Plain Speaking 1 v. — Miss Tommy 1 v. — King Arthur 1 v.

Craik, Georgiana M. (Mrs. May).

Lost and Won 1 v. — Faith Unwin's Ordeal 1 v. — Leslie Tyrrell 1 v. — Winifred's Wooing, etc. 1 v. — Mildred 1 v. — Esther Hill's Secret 2 v. — Hero Trevelyan 1 v. — Without Kith or Kin 2 v. — Only a Butterfly 1 v. — Sylvia's Choice; Theresa 2 v. — Anne Warwick 1 v. — Dorcas 2 v. — Two Women 2 v.

Craik, Georgiana M., & Stirling.

Two Tales of Married Life (1 Bear, by Miss Craik; A True Ma C. Stirling) 2 v.

Craven, Mrs. Augustu Lady Fullerton.**Crawford, F. Marion (A**

Mr. Isaacs 1 v. — Doctor Claud To Leeward 1 v. — A Roman 1 v. — An American Politician Zoroaster 1 v. — A Tale of a Lone 2 v. — Saracinesca 2 v. — Marzio' 1 v. — Paul Patoff 2 v. — With the 1 v. — Greifenstein 2 v. — Sa 2 v. — A Cigarette-Maker's 1 v. — Khaled 1 v. — The Witch 2 v. — The Three Fates 2 v. — De 2 v. — The Children of the Kin Pietro Ghisleri 2 v. — Marion Da — Katharine Lauderdale 2 v. — stons 2 v. — Casa Braccio 2 v. — Johnstone's Son 1 v. — Taquisa A Rose of Yesterday 1 v. — 2 v. — Via Crucis 2 v. — In the 2 v. — The King 2 v. — Marietta, a Venice 2 v. — Cecilia 2 v. — Th of Rome 2 v.

Crockett, S. R.

The Raiders 2 v. — Cleg Kel The Grey Man 2 v. — Love Idyl The Dark o' the Moon 2 v.

Cross, J. W.: vide Eliot's Life.**Cudlip, Mrs. Pender: Thomas.****Cummins, Miss (Am.),**

The Lamplighter 1 v. — Mabel 1 v. — El Fureidis 1 v. — Haunted E

Cushing, Paul.

The Blacksmith of Voe 2 v.

"Daily News."

War Correspondence, 1877, b bald Forbes and others 3 v.

"Dark," Author of. Dark 1 v.

Davis, Richard Harding (Am.).
Callegher, etc. 1 v. — *Van Bibber and Others* 1 v. — *Ranson's Folly* 1 v.

De Foe, Daniel, † 1731.
Robinson Crusoe 1 v.

Deland, Margaret (Am.).
John Ward, Preacher 1 v.

"Democracy," Author of (Am.).
Democracy 1 v.

"Demos," Author of: vide George Gissing.

"Diary and Notes," Author of: vide Author of "Horace Templeton."

Dickens, Charles, † 1870.
The Pickwick Club (with Portrait) 2 v. — *American Notes* 1 v. — *Oliver Twist* 1 v. — *Nicholas Nickleby* 2 v. — *Sketches* 1 v. — *Martin Chuzzlewit* 2 v. — *A Christmas Carol; The Chimes; The Cricket on the Hearth* 1 v. — *Master Humphrey's Clock* 1 v. — *Old Curiosity Shop; Barnaby Rudge, etc.* 1 v. — *Pictures from Italy* 1 v. — *Domby and Son* 3 v. — *David Copperfield* 3 v. — *Black House* 4 v. — *A Child's History of England* (2 v. 80 M. 2, 70.) — *Hard Times* 1 v. — *Little Dorrit (with Illustrations)* 4 v. — *The Battle of Life; The Haunted Man* 1 v. — *A Tale of Two Cities* 2 v. — *Hunted Down; The Uncommercial Traveller* 1 v. — *Great Expectations* 2 v. — *Christmas Stories, etc.* 1 v. — *Our Mutual Friend (with Illustrations)* 4 v. — *Somebody's Luggage; Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings; Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy* 1 v. — *Doctor Marius's Prescriptions; Mugby Junction* 1 v. — *The Mystery of Edwin Drood (with Illustrations)* 2 v. — *The Mudfog Papers, etc.* 1 v. — *The Letters of Charles Dickens, ed. by his Sister-in-law and his eldest Daughter* 1 v. — *Vide also Household Words, Novels and Tales, and John Forster.*

Dickens, Charles, & Wilkie Collins.
Thoroughfare; The Late Miss Holford 1 v.

Disraeli, Benjamin, Lord Beaconsfield, † 1881.

Coningsby 1 v. — *Sybil* 1 v. — *Contarini Fleming (with Portrait)* 1 v. — *Alroy* 1 v. — *Tancred* 2 v. — *Venetia* 2 v. — *Vivian Grey* 2 v. — *Henrietta Temple* 1 v. — *Lothair* 2 v. — *Endymion* 2 v.

Dixon, Ella Hepworth.
The Story of a Modern Woman 1 v.

Dixon, W. Hepworth, † 1879.
Personal History of Lord Bacon 1 v. — *The Holy Land* 2 v. — *New America* 2 v. — *Spiritual Wives* 2 v. — *Her Majesty's Tower* 4 v. — *Free Russia* 2 v. — *History of two Queens* 6 v. — *White Conquest* 2 v. — *Diana, Lady Lyle* 2 v.

Dixon, Jr., Thomas, (Am.).
The Leopard's Spots 2 v.

Dougall, L. (Am.).
Beggars All 2 v.

Dowie, Mémie Muriel.
A Girl in the Karpathians 1 v.

Doyle, Sir A. Conan.
The Sign of Four 1 v. — *Micah Clarke* 2 v. — *The Captain of the Pole-Star, and other Tales* 1 v. — *The White Company* 2 v. — *A Study in Scarlet* 1 v. — *The Great Shadow, and Beyond the City* 1 v. — *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* 2 v. — *The Refugees* 2 v. — *The Firm of Girdlestone* 2 v. — *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* 2 v. — *Round the Red Lamp* 1 v. — *The Stark Munro Letters* 1 v. — *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard* 1 v. — *Rodney Stone* 2 v. — *Uncle Bernac* 1 v. — *The Tragedy of the Korosko* 1 v. — *A Duet* 1 v. — *The Green Flag* 1 v. — *The Great Boer War* 2 v. — *The War in South Africa* 1 v. — *The Hound of the Baskervilles* 1 v. — *Adventures of Gerard* 1 v.

Drummond, Professor Henry, † 1897.
The Greatest Thing in the World; Pax Vobiscum; The Changed Life 1 v.

Dufferin, the Earl of.
Letters from High Latitudes 1 v.

Duncan, Sara Jeannette: vide Mrs. Cotes.

Dunton: *vide* Th. Watts-Dunton.

Earl, the, and the Doctor.
South Sea Bubbles 1 v.

Eastwick, Edward B., † 1883.
Autobiography of Lutfullah 1 v.

Edgeworth, Maria, *vide* Series
for the Young, p. 29.

Edwardes, Mrs. Annie.
Archie Lovell 2 v. — Steven Lawrence,
Yeoman 2 v. — Ought we to visit her? 2 v.
— A Vagabond Heroine 1 v. — Leah:
A Woman of Fashion 2 v. — A Blue-Stock-
ing 1 v. — Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune?
1 v. — Vivian the Beauty 1 v. — A Ball-
room Repentance 2 v. — A Girton Girl
2 v. — A Playwright's Daughter, and
Bertie Griffiths 1 v. — Pearl-Powder 1 v.
The Adventuress 1 v.

Edwards, Amelia B., † 1892.
Barbara's History 2 v. — Miss Carew
2 v. — Hand and Glove 1 v. — Half a Mil-
lion of Money 2 v. — Debenham's Vow
2 v. — In the Days of my Youth 2 v. —
Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Val-
leys 1 v. — Monsieur Maurice 1 v. — A
Night on the Borders of the Black Forest
1 v. — A Poetry-Book of Elder Poets
1 v. — A Thousand Miles up the Nile 2 v.
— A Poetry-Book of Modern Poets 1 v. —
Lord Brackenbury 2 v.

Edwards, M. Betham: *vide*
Betham.

Edward, Eggleston (Am.).
The Faith Doctor 2 v.

Elbon, Barbara (Am.).
Bethesda 2 v.

Eliot, George (Miss Evans—
Mrs. Cross), † 1880.
Scenes of Clerical Life 2 v. — Adam
Bede 2 v. — The Mill on the Floss 2 v. —
Silas Marner 1 v. — Romola 2 v. — Felix
Holt 2 v. — Daniel Deronda 4 v. — The
Lifted Veil, and Brother Jacob 1 v. —
Impressions of Theophrastus Such 1 v. —
Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book
1 v. — George Eliot's Life, edited by her
Husband, J. W. Cross 4 v.

"Elizabeth and her German
Garden." Author of.

Elizabeth and her German Garden 1 v.
The Solitary Summer 1 v. — The Be-
factress 2 v.

Elliot, Mrs. Frances, † 1898.
Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy 1 v.
Old Court Life in France 2 v. — I
Italians 2 v. — The Diary of an Idle
Woman in Sicily 1 v. — Pictures of
Rome 1 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman
Spain 2 v. — The Red Cardinal 1 v.
The Story of Sophia 1 v. — Diary of
Idle Woman in Constantinople 1 v.
Old Court Life in Spain 2 v. — Rom
Gossip 1 v.

"Englishwoman's Love-Let-
ters, an," Author of.
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters 1 v.

Erroll, Henry.
An Ugly Duckling 1 v.

Esler, E. Rentoul.
The Way they loved at Grimpat 1 v.

"Essays and Reviews," of
Authors of.
Essays and Reviews. By various Authors
1 v.

"Estelle Russell," Author of.
Estelle Russell 2 v.

Esterre-Keeling, Elsa D'.
Three Sisters 1 v. — A Laughing Phil-
osopher 1 v. — The Professor's Wooing 1
— In Thoughtland and in Dreamland
1 v. — Orchardcroft 1 v. — Appassion-
1 v. — Old Maids and Young 2 v. — The
Queen's Serf 1 v.

"Euthanasia," Author of.
Euthanasia 1 v.

Ewing, Juliana Horatia, † 1888.
Jackanapes; The Story of a Short Life
Daddy Darwin's Dovecot 1 v. — A Fl
Iron for a Farthing 1 v. — The Brownie
and other Tales 1 v.

"Expiated," Author of.
Expiated 2 v.

Fergus, F. J.: *vide* Hugh Conway.

Farrar, F. W. (Dean), † 1903.
Darkness and Dawn 3 v.

"Fate of Fenella, the," Authors of.

The Fate of Fenella, by 24 Authors 1 v.

Felkin, Mrs.: *vide* Ellen T. Fowler.

Fendall, Percy: *vide* F. C. Phillips.

Fenn, George Manville.

The Parson o' Dumford 2 v. — The Clerk of Portwick 2 v.

Fielding, Henry, † 1754.
Tom Jones 2 v.

Five Centuries
of the English Language and Literature:
John Wycliffe. — Geoffrey Chaucer. —
Stephen Hawes. — Sir Thomas More. —
Edmund Spenser. — Ben Jonson. — John
Locke. — Thomas Gray (vol. 500, published
1860) 1 v.

Fleming, George (Am.).
Kimet 1 v. — Andromeda 2 v.

Forbes, Archibald, † 1900.
My Experiences of the War between
France and Germany 2 v. — Soldiering
and Scribbling 1 v. — Memories and
Studies of War and Peace 2 v. — *Vide* also
"Daily News," War Correspondence.

Forrest, R. E.
Eight Days 2 v.

Forrester, Mrs.
Viva 2 v. — Rhona 2 v. — Roy and Viola
1 v. — My Lord and My Lady 2 v. — I
have Lived and Loved 2 v. — June 2 v. —
Omnia Vanitas 1 v. — Although he was a
Lord, and other Tales 1 v. — Corisande,
and other Tales 1 v. — Once Again 2 v. —
Of the World, Worldly 1 v. — Dearest
1 v. — The Light of other Days 1 v. —
Too Late Repented 1 v.

Forster, John, † 1876.

The Life of Charles Dickens (with Illus-
trations and Portraits) 6 v. — Life and
Times of Oliver Goldsmith 2 v.

Fothergill, Jessie.

The First Violin 2 v. — Probation 2 v. —
Made or Marred, and "One of Three"
1 v. — Kith and Kin 2 v. — Peril 2 v. —
Borderland 2 v.

"Found Dead," Author of: *vide*
James Payn.

Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft
(Mrs. Alfred Laurence Felkin).
A Double Thread 2 v. — The Farring-
dons 2 v. — Fuel of Fire 1 v. — Place and
Power 2 v.

Fox, Caroline, † 1871.

Memories of Old Friends from her Jour-
nals and Letters, edited by Horace N.
Pym 2 v.

"Frank Fairleigh," Author of
(F. E. Smedley), † 1864.
Frank Fairleigh 2 v.

Francis, M. E.
The Duenna of a Genius 1 v.

Frederic, Harold (Am.), † 1898.
Illumination 2 v. — March Hares 1 v.

Freeman, Edward A., † 1892.
The Growth of the English Constitution
1 v. — Select Historical Essays 1 v. —
Sketches from French Travel 1 v.

Froude, James Anthony, † 1894.
Oceana 1 v. — The Spanish Story of the
Armada, and other Essays 1 v.

Fullerton, Lady Georgiana,
† 1885.

Ellen Middleton 1 v. — Grantley Manor
2 v. — Lady Bird 2 v. — Too Strange not
to be True 2 v. — Constance Sherwood
2 v. — A Stormy Life 2 v. — Mrs. Gerald's
Niece 2 v. — The Notary's Daughter 1 v. —
The Lilies of the Valley, and The House of
Penarvan 1 v. — The Countess de Bonneval
1 v. — Rose Leblanc 1 v. — Seven Stories
1 v. — The Life of Luisa de Carvajal 1 v.
— A Will and a Way, and The Hand

kerchief at the Window 2 v. — Eliane 2 v. (by Mrs. Augustus Craven, translated by Lady Fullerton). — Laurentia 1 v.

Gardiner, Marguerite: *vide*
Lady Blessington.

Gaskell, Mrs., † 1865.

Mary Barton 1 v. — Ruth 2 v. — North and South 1 v. — Lizzie Leigh, and other Tales 1 v. — The Life of Charlotte Brontë 2 v. — Lois the Witch, etc. 1 v. — Sylvia's Lovers 2 v. — A Dark Night's Work 1 v. — Wives and Daughters 3 v. — Cranford 1 v. — Cousin Phillis, and other Tales 1 v.

"Geraldine Hawthorne," Author
of: *vide* Author of "Miss
Molly."

Gerard, Dorothea (Madame Long-
gard de Longgarde).

Lady Baby 2 v. — Recha 1 v. — Orthodox 1 v. — The Wrong Man 1 v. — A Spotless Reputation 1 v. — A Forgotten Sin 1 v. — One Year 1 v. — The Supreme Crime 1 v. — The Blood-Tax 1 v. — Holy Matrimony 1 v. — The Eternal Woman 1 v. — Made of Money 1 v.

Gerard, E. (Emily de Łaszowska).

A Secret Mission 1 v. — A Foreigner 2 v. — The Extermination of Love 2 v.

Giberne, Agnes.

The Curate's Home 1 v.

Gissing, George, † 1903.

Demos. A Story of English Socialism 2 v. — New Grub Street 2 v.

Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E.,

† 1898.

Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion 1 v. — Bulgarian Horrors, and Russia in Turkistan, with other Tracts 1 v. — The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem, with other Tracts 1 v.

Glyn, Elinor.

The Visits of Elizabeth 1 v. — The Reflections of Ambrosine 1 v.

Godfrey, Hal (Charlotte O'Connor-
Eccles).

The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore 1 v.

Goldsmith, Oliver, † 1774.
Select Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Goodman, Edward J.
Too Curious 1 v.

Gordon, Julien (Am.).
A Diplomat's Diary 1 v.

Gordon, Major-Gen. C. G.
† 1885.

His Journals at Kartoum. Introduction and Notes by A. E. Hake (with eight illustrations) 2 v.

Gore, Mrs., † 1861.
Castles in the Air 1 v. — The Dear Daughter 2 v. — Progress and Prejudice 2 v. — Mammon 2 v. — A Life's Lesson 2 v. — The Two Aristocracies 2 v. — Helington 2 v.

Grand, Sarah.
Our Manifold Nature 1 v. — Babs Impossible 2 v.

Grant, Miss.
Victor Lescar 2 v. — The Sun-Maid 2 v. — My Heart's in the Highlands 2 v. — Artiste 2 v. — Prince Hugo 2 v. — C. Roma 2 v.

Gray, Maxwell.
The Silence of Dean Maitland 2 v. — I Reproach of Annesley 2 v.

Grenville: Murray, E. C. (Trois
Etoiles), † 1881.

The Member for Paris 2 v. — Yot Brown 2 v. — The Boudoir Cabal 3 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk (First Series) 2 v. — The Russians of To-day 1 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk (Second Series) 2 v. — Strange Tales 1 v. — That Artful Vicar 2 v. — Six Months in the Ranks 1 v. — People I have met

Grimwood, Ethel St. Clair.
My Three Years in Manipur (with Portrait) 1 v.

Grohman, W. A. Baillie.
Tyrol and the Tyrolese 1 v.

Gunter, Archibald Claver
(Am.).

Mr. Barnes of New York 1 v.

Guthrie, F. Anstey: *vide* Anstey.

"Guy Livingstone," Author of
(George Alfred Laurence),
† 1876.

Guy Livingstone 1 v. — Sword and
Gown 1 v. — Barren Honour 1 v. —
Border and Bastille 1 v. — Maurice Dering
1 v. — Sans Merci 2 v. — Breaking a
Butterfly 2 v. — Anteros 2 v. — Ha-
garene 2 v.

Habberton, John (Am.).

Helen's Babies & Other People's Chil-
dren 1 v. — The Bowham Puzzle 1 v. —
One Tramp; Mrs. Mayburn's Twins 1 v.

Haggard, H. Rider.

King Solomon's Mines 1 v. — She 2 v. —
Jess 2 v. — Allan Quatermain 2 v. — The
Witch's Head 2 v. — Maiwa's Revenge
2 v. — Mr. Meeson's Will 1 v. — Colonel
Quaritch, V. C. 2 v. — Cleopatra 2 v. —
Allan's Wife 1 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Dawn
2 v. — Montezuma's Daughter 2 v. — The
People of the Mist 2 v. — Joan Haste 2 v. —
Heart of the World 2 v. — The Wizard
1 v. — Doctor Thorne 1 v. — Swallow
2 v. — Black Heart and White Heart,
and Elissa 1 v. — Lysbeth 2 v. — A Winter
Pilgrimage 2 v. — Pearl-Maiden 2 v. —
Stella Fregelius 2 v.

Haggard, H. Rider, & Andrew
Lang.

The World's Desire 2 v.

Hake, A. E.: *vide* Gen. Gordon.

Hall, Mrs. S. C., † 1881.

Can Wrong be Right? 1 v. — Marian 2 v.

Hamerton, Philip Gilbert,
† 1894.

Marmorne 1 v. — French and English 2 v.

Hardy, Miss Iza: *vide* Author of
"Not Easily Jealous."

Hardy, Thomas.

The Hand of Ethelberta 2 v. — Far
from the Madding Crowd 2 v. — The Re-
turn of the Native 2 v. — The Trumpet-
Major 2 v. — A Laodicean 2 v. — Two on
a Tower 2 v. — A Pair of Blue Eyes 2 v. —
A Group of Noble Dames 1 v. — Tess
of the D'Urbervilles 2 v. — Life's Little
Ironies 1 v. — Jude the Obscure 2 v.

Harland, Henry.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box 1 v. — The
Lady Paramount 1 v. — My Friend Prospero
1 v.

Harraden, Beatrice.

Ships that pass in the Night 1 v. — In
Varying Moods 1 v. — Hilda Strafford,
and The Remittance Man 1 v. — The
Fowler 2 v. — Katharine Frensham 2 v.

Harrison, Agnes.

Martin's Vineyard 1 v.

Harte, Bret (Am.), † 1902.

Prose and Poetry (Tales of the Argo-
nauts: — The Luck of Roaring Camp;
The Outcasts of Poker Flat, etc. —
Spanish and American Legends; Con-
densed Novels; Civic and Character
Sketches; Poems) 2 v. — Idyls of the
Foothills 1 v. — Gabriel Conroy 2 v. —
Two Men of Sandy Bar 1 v. — Thankful
Blossom, and other Tales 1 v. — The
Story of a Mine 1 v. — Drift from Two
Shores 1 v. — An Heiress of Red Dog,
and other Sketches 1 v. — The Twins of
Table Mountain, and other Tales 1 v. —
Jeff Briggs's Love Story, and other Tales
1 v. — Flip, and other Stories 1 v. — On
the Frontier 1 v. — By Shore and Sedge
1 v. — Maruja 1 v. — Snow-bound at
Eagle's, and Devil's Ford 1 v. — The
Crusade of the "Excelsior" 1 v. — A
Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, and
other Tales 1 v. — Captain Jim's Friend,
and the Argonauts of North Liberty 1 v. —
Cressy 1 v. — The Heritage of Dedlow
Marsh, and other Tales 1 v. — A Waif
of the Plains 1 v. — A Ward of the Golden
Gate 1 v. — A Sappho of Green Springs,
and other Tales 1 v. — A First Family of
Tasajara 1 v. — Colonel Starbottle's Client,
and some other People 1 v. — Susy 1 v. —
Sally Dows, etc. 1 v. — A Protégée of
Jack Hamlin's, etc. 1 v. — The Bell-
Ringer of Angel's, etc. 1 v. — Clarence
1 v. — In a Hollow of the Hills, and The
Devotion of Enriquez 1 v. — The Ancestors
of Peter Atherly, etc. 1 v. — Three Partners
1 v. — Tales of Trail and Town 1 v. —
Stories in Light and Shadow 1 v. — Mr.
Jack Hamlin's Mediation, and other Stories
1 v. — From Sand-Hill to Pine 1 v. —
Under the Redwoods 1 v. — On the Old
Trail 1 v. — Trent's Trust 1 v.

Havelock, Sir Henry: *vide* Rev.
W. Brock.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (Am.),
† 1864.

The Scarlet Letter 1 v. — Transmutation (The Marble Faun) 2 v. — Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne 2 v.

Hector, Mrs.: *vide* Mrs. Alexander.

"Heir of Redclyffe, the," Author of: *vide* Charlotte M. Yonge.

Helps, Sir Arthur † 1875.

Friends in Council 2 v. — Ivan de Hiron 2 v.

Hemans, Mrs. Felicia, † 1835.
Select Poetical Works 1 v.

Hewlett, Maurice.

The Forest Lovers 1 v. — Little Novels of Italy 1 v. — The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay 2 v. — New Canterbury Tales 1 v.

Hichens, Robert.

Flames 2 v. — The Slave 2 v. — Felix 2 v.

Hobart Pasha, Admiral, † 1886.

Sketches from my Life 1 v.

Hobbes, John Oliver.

The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham 1 v. — The Serious Wooing 1 v.

Hoey, Mrs. Cashel.

A Golden Sorrow 2 v. — Out of Court 2 v.

Holdsworth, Annie E.

The Years that the Locust hath Eaten 1 v. — The Gods Arrive 1 v. — The Valley of the Great Shadow 1 v. — Great Lowlands 1 v.

Holme Lee: *vide* Harriet Parr.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (Am.),
† 1894.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Professor at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Poet at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — Over the Teacups 1 v.

Hope, Anthony (Hawking).

Mr. Witt's Widow 1 v. — A Change of Air 2 v. — Half a Slave 2 v. — The Education of the Daughters 1 v. — The Girl in the Car 1 v. — The Chronicles of Cast Antonio 1 v. — Comedies of Courtship 1 v. — The Heart of Princess Oria 1 v. — Phroso 2 v. — Simon Dale 2 v. — Rags of Heaven 1 v. — The King's Mine 2 v. — Queensbush 1 v. — Tributary of Rensselaer — The Intrusions of Peggy 2 v.

Hopkins, Tigue.

An Idler in Old France 1 v. — The Man in the Iron Mask 1 v. — The Dangers of Old Paris 1 v. — The Silent Gate 1 v.

"Horace Templeton," Author of
Diary and Notes 1 v.

Hornung, Ernest William.

A Bride from the Bush 1 v. — Under Two Skies 1 v. — Tiny Luttrell 1 v. — The Boas of Taroomba 1 v. — My Last Duke 1 v. — Young Blood 1 v. — Some Persons Unknown 1 v. — The Amateur Cracksmen 1 v. — The Rogue's Menace 1 v. — The Belle of Toorak 1 v. — Fessett 1 v. — The Black Mask 1 v. — The Shadowed the Rope 1 v. — No Hero 1 v. — Dumb Dent 1 v.

"Household Words."

Conducted by Charles Dickens. 1851-56. 36 v. — NOVELS and TALES reprinted from Household Words by Charles Dickens. 1856-59. 11 v.

Houstoun, Mrs.: *vide* "Recommended to Mercy."

"How to be Happy though Married," Author of.

How to be Happy though Married 1 v.

Howard, Blanche Willis (Am.),
† 1899.

One Summer 1 v. — Aunt Serena 1 v. — Guenn 2 v. — Tony, the Maid, etc. 1 v. — The Open Door 2 v.

Howard, Blanche Willis,
† 1899, & William Sharp.

A Fellow and His Wife 1 v.

Howells, William Dean (Am.).

A Foregone Conclusion 1 v. — The Lady of the Aroostook 1 v. — A Modern

Instance 2 v. — The Undiscovered Country 1 v. — Venetian Life (with Portrait) 1 v. — Italian Journeys 1 v. — A Chance Acquaintance 1 v. — Their Wedding Journey 1 v. — A Fearful Responsibility, and Tonelli's Marriage 1 v. — A Woman's Reason 2 v. — Dr. Breen's Practice 1 v. — The Rise of Silas Lapham 2 v. — A Pair of Patient Lovers 1 v.

Hughes, Thomas, † 1898.

Tom Brown's School-Days 1 v.

Hungerford, Mrs. (Mrs. Argles), † 1897.

Molly Bawn 2 v. — Mrs. Geoffrey 2 v. — Faith and Unfaith 2 v. — Portia 2 v. — Loys, Lord Berresford, and other Tales 1 v. — Her First Appearance, and other Tales 1 v. — Phyllis 2 v. — Rossmoyne 2 v. — Doris 2 v. — A Maiden all Forlorn, etc. 1 v. — A Passive Crime, and other Stories 1 v. — Green Pleasure and Grey Grief 2 v. — A Mental Struggle 2 v. — Her Week's Amusement, and Ugly Barrington 1 v. — Lady Branksmere 2 v. — Lady Valworth's Diamonds 1 v. — A Modern Circe 2 v. — Marvel 2 v. — The Hon. Mrs. Vereker 1 v. — Under-Currents 2 v. — In Durance Vile, etc. 1 v. — A Troublesome Girl, and other Stories 1 v. — A Life's Remorse 2 v. — A Born Coquette 2 v. — The Duchess 1 v. — Lady Verner's Flight 1 v. — A Conquering Heroine, and "When in Doubt" 1 v. — Nora Creina 2 v. — A Mad Prank, and other Stories 1 v. — The Hoyden 2 v. — The Red House Mystery 1 v. — An Unsatisfactory Lover 1 v. — Peter's Wife 2 v. — The Three Graces 1 v. — A Tug of War 1 v. — The Professor's Experiment 2 v. — A Point of Conscience 2 v. — A Lonely Girl 1 v. — Lovice 1 v. — The Coming of Chloe 1 v.

Hunt, Mrs.: vide Averil Beaumont.

Hunt, Violet.

The Human Interest 1 v.

Ingelow, Jean, † 1897.

Off the Skelligs 3 v. — Poems 2 v. — Fated to be Free 2 v. — Sarah de Berenger 2 v. — Don John 2 v.

Inglis, the Hon. Lady.

The Siege of Lucknow 1 v.

Ingram, John H.: vide E. A. Poe.

Iota: vide Mrs. Mannington Caffyn.

Irving, Washington (Am.), † 1859.

The Sketch Book (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Life of Mahomet 1 v. — Lives of the Successors of Mahomet 1 v. — Oliver Goldsmith 1 v. — Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost 1 v. — Life of George Washington 5 v.

Jackson, Mrs. Helen (H. H.) (Am.), † 1885.

Ramona 2 v.

Jacobs, W. W.

Many Cargoes 1 v. — The Skipper's Wooing, and The Brown Man's Servant 1 v. — Sea Urchins 1 v. — A Master of Craft 1 v. — Light Freights 1 v. — At Sun-
wich Port 1 v. — The Lady of the Barge 1 v. — Odd Craft 1 v.

James, Charles T. C.

Holy Wedlock 1 v.

James, G. P. R., † 1860.

Morley Earnstein (with Portrait) 1 v. — Forest Days 1 v. — The False Hair 1 v. — Arabella Stuart 1 v. — Rose d'Albret 1 v. — Arrah Neil 1 v. — Agincourt 1 v. — The Smuggler 1 v. — The Step-Mother 2 v. — Beauchamp 1 v. — Heidelberg 1 v. — The Gipsy 1 v. — The Castle of Ehrenstein 1 v. — Darnley 1 v. — Russell 2 v. — The Convict 2 v. — Sir Theodore Broughton 2 v.

James, Henry (Am.).

The American 2 v. — The Europeans 1 v. — Daisy Miller; An International Episode; Four Meetings 1 v. — Roderick Hudson 2 v. — The Madonna of the Future, etc. 1 v. — Eugene Pickering, etc. 1 v. — Confidence 1 v. — Washington Square, etc. 2 v. — The Portrait of a Lady 3 v. — Foreign Parts 1 v. — French Poets and Novelists 1 v. — The Siege of London; The Point of View; A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — Portraits of Places 1 v. — A Little Tour in France 1 v.

Jeaffreson, J. Cordy.

A Book about Doctors 2 v. — A Woman in spite of Herself 2 v. — The Real Lord Byron 3 v.

Jenkin, Mrs. Charles, † 1885.
 "Who Breaks—Pays" 1 v. — Skirmishing 1 v. — Once and Again 2 v. — Two French Marriages 2 v. — Within an Ace 1 v. — Jupiter's Daughters 1 v.

Jenkins, Edward.
 Ginx's Baby, his Birth and other Misfortunes; Lord Bantam 2 v.

"Jennie of 'The Prince's,'" Author of: *vide* B. H. Buxton.

Jerome, K. Jerome.
 The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Diary of a Pilgrimage, and Six Essays 1 v. — Novel Notes 1 v. — Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green 1 v. — The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Three Men on the Bummel 1 v. — Paul Kelver 2 v. — Tea-Table Talk 1 v.

Jerrold, Douglas, † 1857.
 History of St. Giles and St. James 2 v. — Men of Character 2 v.

"John Halifax, Gentleman," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Craik.

Johnny Ludlow: vide Mrs. Henry Wood.

Johnson, Samuel, † 1784.
 Lives of the English Poets 2 v.

Jolly, Emily.
 Colonel Dacre 2 v.

"Joshua Davidson," Author of: *vide* Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

Kavanagh, Miss Julia, † 1877.
 Nathalie 2 v. — Daisy Burns 2 v. — Grace Lee 2 v. — Rachel Gray 1 v. — Adèle 3 v. — A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies 2 v. — Seven Years, and other Tales 2 v. — French Women of Letters 1 v. — English Women of Letters 1 v. — Queen Mab 2 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Sybil's Second Love 2 v. — Dora 2 v. — Silvia 2 v. — Bessie 2 v. — John Dorrien 3 v. — Two Lilies 2 v. — Forget-me-nots 2 v. — *Vide* also Series for the Young, p. 29.

Keary, Annie, † 1879.
 Oldbury 2 v. — Castle Daly 2 v.

Keeling, D'Esterre: vide Es terre.

Kempis, Thomas a.
 The Imitation of Christ. Translate from the Latin by W. Benham, A.D. 11

Kimball, Richard B. (Am.), †
 Saint Leger 1 v. — Romance of Student Life Abroad 1 v. — Undercurrents 1 v. — Was he Successful? 1 v. — To-Day in New York 1 v.

Kinglake, Alexander William
 † 1891.
 Eothen 1 v. — The Invasion of Crimea 14 v.

Kingsley, Charles, † 1875.
 Yeast 1 v. — Westward ho! 2 v. — Ten Years ago 2 v. — Hypatia 2 v. — Alk Locke 1 v. — Hereward the Wake 2 v. — At Last 2 v. — His Letters and Memorials of his Life, edited by his Wife 2 v.

Kingsley, Henry, † 1876.
 Ravenshoe 2 v. — Austin Elliot 1 v. — Geoffrey Hamlyn 2 v. — The Hillyars and the Burtons 2 v. — Leighton Court 1 v. — Valentin 1 v. — Oakshott Castle 1 v. — Reginald Hetherage 2 v. — The Garden 2 v.

Kinross, Albert.
 An Opera and Lady Grasmere 1 v.

Kipling, Rudyard.
 Plain Tales from the Hills 1 v. — The Second Jungle Book 1 v. — The Sea-Sea 1 v. — "Captains Courageous" 1 v. — The Day's Work 1 v. — A Fl in Being 1 v. — Stalky & Co. 1 v. — From Sea to Sea 2 v. — The City of Dread Night 1 v. — Kim 1 v. — Just So Stories: — The Five Nations 1 v.

Laffan, May.
 Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsell etc. 1 v.

Lamb, Charles, † 1834.
 The Essays of Elia and Elia's 1 v.

Lang, Andrew: vide H. R. Haggard.

Langdon, Mary (Am.),
 Ida May 1 v.

"Last of the Cavaliers, the,"
Author of (Miss Piddington).
The Last of the Cavaliers 2 v. — The
Gain of a Loss 2 v.

Łaszowska, Mme de: *vide* E.
Gerard.

Laurence, George Alfred,
Author of: *vide* "Guy Living-
stone."

Lawless, the Hon. Emily.
Huriah 1 v.

"Leaves from the Journal of
our Life in the Highlands:"
vide Victoria R. I.

Lee, Holme, † 1900: *vide* Harriet
Parr.

Le Fanu, J. S., † 1873.
Uncle Silas 2 v. — Guy Deverell 2 v.

Lemon, Mark, † 1870.
Wait for the End 2 v. — Loved at Last
2 v. — Falkner Lyle 2 v. — Leyton Hall,
and other Tales 2 v. — Golden Fetters
2 v.

"Letters of Her Mother to
Elizabeth, the," Author of:
vide W. R. H. Trowbridge.

Lever, Charles, † 1872.
The O'Donoghue 1 v. — The Knight of
Gwynne 3 v. — Arthur O'Leary 2 v. —
Harry Lorrequer 2 v. — Charles O'Mal-
ley 3 v. — Tom Burke of "Ours" 3 v. —
Jack Hinton 2 v. — The Daltons 4 v. —
The Dodd Family Abroad 3 v. — The
Martins of Cro' Martin 3 v. — The For-
tunes of Glencore 2 v. — Roland Cashel
3 v. — Davenport Dunn 3 v. — Confessions
of Con Cregan 2 v. — One of Them 2 v. —
Maurice Tiernay 2 v. — Sir Jasper Carew
2 v. — Barrington 2 v. — A Day's Ride
2 v. — Luttrell of Arran 2 v. — Tony Butler
2 v. — Sir Brook Fossbrooke 2 v. — The
Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly 2 v. — A
Rent in a Cloud 1 v. — That Boy of Nor-
cott's 1 v. — St. Patrick's Eve; Paul
Gomlett's Confessions 1 v. — Lord Kil-
gobbin 2 v.

Levett-Yeats, S.
The Honour of Savelli 1 v. — The
Chevalier d'Auriac 1 v. — The Traitor's
Way 1 v. — The Lord Protector 1 v.

Lewes, G. H., † 1878.
Ranthorpe 1 v. — The Physiology of
Common Life 2 v. — On Actors and the
Art of Acting 1 v.

Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn, † 1898.
The true History of Joshua Davidson
1 v. — Patricia Kemball 2 v. — The
Atonement of Leam Dundas 2 v. — The
World well Lost 2 v. — Under which
Lord? 2 v. — With a Silken Thread, and
other Stories 1 v. — Todhunters' at Loan-
in' Head, and other Stories 1 v. — "My
Love!" 2 v. — The Girl of the Period,
and other Social Essays 1 v. — Ione 2 v.

Lockhart, Laurence W. M.,
† 1882.
Mine is Thine 2 v.

Loftus, Lord Augustus.
Diplomatic Reminiscences 1837 - 1862
(with Portrait) 2 v.

Longard, Mme de: *vide* D.
Gerard.

Longfellow, Henry Wads-
worth (Am.), † 1882.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 3 v. —
The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri
3 v. — The New-England Tragedies 1 v.
— The Divine Tragedy 1 v. — Flower-de-
Luce, and Three Books of Song 1 v. —
The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems
1 v.

Lonsdale, Margaret.
Sister Dora (with a Portrait of Sister
Dora) 1 v.

Lorimer, George Horace (Am.).
Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his
Son 1 v.

"Lost Battle, a," Author of.
A Lost Battle 2 v.

Lubbock, Sir John (Lord Ave-
bury).
The Pleasures of Life 1 v. — The Beau-
ties of Nature (with Illustrations) 1 v. —
The Use of Life 1 v. — Scenery of Switzer-
land (with Illustrations) 2 v. — Essays and
Addresses 1900-1903 1 v.

"Lutfullah": *vide* Eastwick.

Lyall, Edna, † 1903.

We Two 2 v. — Donovan 2 v. — In the Golden Days 2 v. — Knight-Errent 2 v. — Won by Waiting 2 v. — Wayfaring Men 2 v. — Hope the Hermit 2 v. — Doreen 2 v. — In Spite of All 2 v. — The Hinderers 1 v.

Lytton, Lord: *vide* E. Bulwer.

Lytton, Robert Lord (Owen Meredith), † 1891.

Poems 2 v. — Fables in Song 2 v.

Maartens, Maarten.

The Sin of Joost Avelingh 1 v. — An Old Maid's Love 2 v. — God's Fool 2 v. — The Greater Glory 2 v. — My Lady Nobody 2 v. — Her Memory 1 v. — Some Women I have known 1 v. — My Poor Relations 2 v.

Macaulay, Lord, Thomas Babington, † 1859.

History of England (with Portrait) 10 v. — Critical and Historical Essays 5 v. — Lays of Ancient Rome 1 v. — Speeches 2 v. — Biographical Essays 1 v. — William Pitt, Atterbury 1 v. — (See also Trevelyan).

McCarthy, Justin.

The Waterdale Neighbours 2 v. — Dear Lady Disdain 2 v. — Miss Misanthrope 2 v. — A History of our own Times 5 v. — Donna Quixote 2 v. — A short History of our own Times 2 v. — A History of the Four Georges vols. 1 & 2. — A History of our own Times vols. 6 & 7 (supplemental). — A History of the Four Georges and of William IV. Vols. 3, 4 & 5 (supplemental).

Mac Donald, George.

Alec Forbes of Howglen 2 v. — Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood 2 v. — David Elginbrod 2 v. — The Vicar's Daughter 2 v. — Malcolm 2 v. — St. George and St. Michael 2 v. — The Marquis of Lossie 2 v. — Sir Gibbie 2 v. — Mary Marston 2 v. — The Gifts of the Child Christ, and other Tales 1 v. — The Princess and Curdie 1 v.

Mackarness, Mrs., † 1881.

Sunbeam Stories 1 v. — A Peerless Wife 2 v. — A Mingled Yarn 2 v.

Mackay, Eric, † 1898.

Love Letters of a Violinist, Poems 1 v.

McKnight, Charles (†)
Old Fort Duquesne 2 v.

Maclaren, Ian.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush
The Days of Auld Langsyne
Majesty Baby 1 v.

Macleod, Fiona.

Wind and Wave 1 v.

Macleod, Norman, †

The Old Lieutenant and his Son

Macpherson, James,
vide Ossian.

Macquoid, Mrs.

Patty 2 v. — Miriam's Marriage
Pictures across the Channel 1
Soon 1 v. — My Story 2 v. —
— Beside the River 2 v. —
Lover 2 v.

"Mademoiselle Mori,
of (Miss Roberts).

Mademoiselle Mori 2 v. — I
— Madame Fontenoy 1 v. —
Edge of the Storm 1 v. — The
Lys 2 v. — In the Olden Time

Mahon, Lord: *vide* St

Maine, E. S.

Scarscliff Rocks 2 v.

Malet, Sir Edward,
G.C.M.G.

Shifting Scenes 1 v.

Malet, Lucas.

Colonel Enderby's Wife 2
History of Sir Richard Calmar

Malmesbury, the Earl
Memoirs of an Ex-Minister 3 v

Mann, Mary E.

A Winter's Tale 1 v. —
Star 1 v.

Mansfield, Robert F
The Log of the Water Lily

Mark Twain: *vide* Twain.

"Marmorne," Author of: *vide*
P. G. Hamerton.

Marryat, Capt., † 1848.

Jacob Faithful (with Portrait) 1 v. — **Fercival Keene** 1 v. — **Peter Simple** 1 v. — **Japhet in Search of a Father** 1 v. — **Monsieur Violet** 1 v. — **The Settlers in Canada** 1 v. — **The Mission** 1 v. — **The Privateer's Man** 1 v. — **The Children of the New-Forest** 1 v. — **Valerie** 1 v. — **Mr. Midshipman Easy** 1 v. — **The King's Own** 1 v.

Marryat, Florence, † 1899.

Love's Conflict 2 v. — **For Ever and Ever** 2 v. — **The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt** 2 v. — **Nelly Brooke** 2 v. — **Véronique** 2 v. — **Petronel** 2 v. — **Her Lord and Master** 2 v. — **The Prey of the Gods** 1 v. — **Life and Letters of Captain Marryat** 1 v. — **Mad Dumaresq** 2 v. — **No Intentions** 2 v. — **Fighting the Air** 2 v. — **A Star and a Heart; An Utter Impossibility** 1 v. — **The Poison of Asps, and other Stories** 1 v. — **A Lucky Disappointment, and other Stories** 1 v. — **"My own Child"** 2 v. — **Her Father's Name** 2 v. — **A Harvest of Wild Oats** 2 v. — **A Little Stepson** 1 v. — **Written in Fire** 2 v. — **Her World against a Lie** 2 v. — **A Broken Blossom** 2 v. — **The Root of all Evil** 2 v. — **The Fair-haired Alda** 2 v. — **With Cupid's Eyes** 2 v. — **My Sister the Actress** 2 v. — **Phyllida** 2 v. — **How they loved Him** 2 v. — **Facing the Footlights** (with Portrait) 2 v. — **A Moment of Madness, and other Stories** 1 v. — **The Ghost of Charlotte Cray, and other Stories** 1 v. — **Peeress and Player** 2 v. — **Under the Lilies and Roses** 2 v. — **The Heart of Jane Warner** 2 v. — **The Heir Presumptive** 2 v. — **The Master Passion** 2 v. — **Spiders of Society** 2 v. — **Driven to Bay** 2 v. — **A Daughter of the Tropics** 2 v. — **Gentleman and Courtier** 2 v. — **On Circumstantial Evidence** 2 v. — **Mount Eden. A Romance** 2 v. — **Blindfold** 2 v. — **A Scarlet Sin** 1 v. — **A Bankrupt Heart** 2 v. — **The Spirit World** 1 v. — **The Beautiful Soul** 1 v. — **At Heart a Rake** 2 v. — **The Strange Transfiguration of Hannah Stubbs** 1 v. — **The Dream that Stayed** 2 v. — **A Passing Madness** 1 v. — **The Blood of the Vampire** 1 v. — **A Soul on Fire** 1 v. — **Iris the Avenger** 1 v.

Marsh, Mrs. Anne (Caldwell),

† 1874.

Ravenscliffe 2 v. — **Emilia Wyndham** 2 v. — **Castle Avon** 2 v. — **Aubrey** 2 v. — **The Heiress of Houghton** 2 v. — **Evelyn Marston** 2 v. — **The Rose of Ashurst** 2 v.

Marshall, Mrs. Emma, † 1899.

Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal 1 v. — **Benvenuta** 1 v. — **Lady Alice** 1 v. — **Dayspring** 1 v. — **Life's Aftermath** 1 v. — **In the East Country** 1 v. — **No. XIII; or, The Story of the Lost Vestal** 1 v. — **In Four Reigns** 1 v. — **On the Banks of the Ouse** 1 v. — **In the City of Flowers** 1 v. — **Alma** 1 v. — **Under Salisbury Spire** 1 v. — **The End Crowns All** 1 v. — **Winchester Meads** 1 v. — **Eventide Light** 1 v. — **Winifrede's Journal** 1 v. — **Bristol Bells** 1 v. — **In the Service of Rachel Lady Russell** 1 v. — **A Lily among Thorns** 1 v. — **Penshurst Castle** 1 v. — **Kensington Palace** 1 v. — **The White King's Daughter** 1 v. — **The Master of the Musicians** 1 v. — **An Escape from the Tower** 1 v. — **A Haunt of Ancient Peace** 1 v. — **Castle Meadow** 1 v. — **In the Choir of Westminster Abbey** 1 v. — **The Young Queen of Hearts** 1 v. — **Under the Dome of St. Paul's** 1 v. — **The Parson's Daughter** 1 v.

Mason, A. E. W.

The Four Feathers 2 v. — **Miranda of the Balcony** 1 v. — **The Courtship of Morrice Buckler** 2 v.

Mathers, Helen (Mrs. Henry Reeves).

"Cherry Ripe!" 2 v. — **"Land o' the Leal"** 1 v. — **My Lady Green Sleeves** 2 v. — **As he comes up the Stair, etc.** 1 v. — **Sam's Sweetheart** 2 v. — **Eyre's Acquittal** 2 v. — **Found Out** 1 v. — **Murder or Manslaughter?** 1 v. — **The Fashion of this World** (80 Pf.) — **Blind Justice, and "Who, being dead, yet Speaketh"** 1 v. — **What the Glass Told, and A Study of a Woman** 1 v. — **Bam Wildfire** 2 v. — **Becky** 2 v. — **Cinders** 1 v. — **"Honey"** 1 v. — **Griff of Griffithscourt** 1 v.

Maurice, Colonel.

The Balance of Military Power in Europe 1 v.

Maurier, George du, † 1896.

Trilby 2 v. — **The Martian** 2 v.

Maxwell, Mrs.: v. Miss Braddon.

"**Mehalah,**" Author of: *vide*
Baring-Gould.

Melville, George J. Whyte,
† 1878.

Kate Coventry 1 v. — Holmby House
2 v. — Digby Grand 1 v. — Good for No-
thing 2 v. — The Queen's Maries 2 v. —
The Gladiators 2 v. — The Brookes of
Bridlemere 2 v. — Cerise 2 v. — The
Interpreter 2 v. — The White Rose 2 v. —
M. or N. 1 v. — Contraband 1 v. —
Sarchedon 2 v. — Uncle John 2 v. —
Katerfelto 1 v. — Sister Louise 1 v. —
Rosine 1 v. — Roys' Wife 2 v. — Black
but Comely 2 v. — Riding Recollections 1 v.

**Memorial Volumes: vide Five
Centuries (vol. 500); The New
Testament (vol. 1000); Henry
Morley (vol. 2000).**

Meredith, George.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel 2 v. —
Beauchamp's Career 2 v. — The Tragic
Comedians 1 v. — Lord Ormont and his
Aminta 2 v. — The Amazing Marriage
2 v.

**Meredith, Owen: vide Robert
Lord Lytton.**

Merrick, Leonard.

The Man who was good 1 v. — This
Stage of Fools 1 v. — Cynthia 1 v. — One
Man's View 1 v. — The Actor-Manager
1 v. — The Worldlings 1 v. — When Love
flies out o' the Window 1 v. — Conrad in
Quest of His Youth 1 v. — The Quaint
Companions 1 v.

Merriman, Henry Seton, † 1903.
Young Mistle 1 v. — Prisoners and
Captives 2 v. — From One Generation to
Another 1 v. — With Edged Tools 2 v. —
The Sowers 2 v. — Flotsam 1 v. — In
Kedar's Tents 1 v. — Roden's Corner
1 v. — The Isle of Unrest 1 v. — The Velvet
Glove 1 v. — The Vultures 1 v. — Barlasch
of the Guard 1 v.

**Merriman, H. S., & S. G. Tallen-
tyre.**

The Money-Spinner, etc. 1 v.

Milne, James.

The Epistles of Atkins 1 v.

Milton, John, † 1674.

Poetical Works 1 v.

"**Molly, Miss,**" Author of.
Geraldine Hawthorne 1 v.

"**Molly Bawn,**" Author of: *vide*
Mrs. Hungerford.

Montgomery, Florence.

Misunderstood 1 v. — Thrown To-
gether 2 v. — Thwarted 1 v. — Wild Mike
1 v. — Seaforth 2 v. — The Blue Veil
1 v. — Transformed 1 v. — The Fisher-
man's Daughter, etc. 1 v. — Colonel
Norton 2 v. — Prejudged 1 v. — An Un-
shared Secret, and Other Tales 1 v.

Moore, Frank Frankfort.

"1 Forbid the Banns" 2 v. — A Gray
Eye or So 2 v. — One Fair Daughter
2 v. — They Call it Love 2 v. — The
Jessamy Bride 1 v. — The Millionaires
1 v. — Nell Gwyn—Comedian 1 v. — A
Damsel or Two 1 v. — Castle Omeragh 2 v.
— Shipmates in Sunshine 2 v.

Moore, George.

Celibates 1 v. — Evelyn Innes 2 v. —
Sister Teresa 2 v. — The Untilled Field 1 v.

Moore, Thomas, † 1852.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.

Morgan, Lady, † 1859.

Memoirs 3 v.

Morley, Henry, † 1894.

Of English Literature in the Reign of
Victoria. With Facsimiles of the Signa-
tures of Authors in the Tauchnitz Edition
(v. 2000, published 1881) 1 v.

Morris, William.

A Selection from his Poems. Edited
with a Memoir by F. Hueffer 1 v.

Morrison, Arthur.

Tales of Mean Streets 1 v. — A Child
of the Jago 1 v. — To London Town 1 v.
— Cunning Murrell 1 v. — The Hole in the
Wall 1 v.

Muirhead, James Fullarton.

The Land of Contrasts 1 v.

Mulock, Miss: vide Mrs. Craik

Murray, David Christie.

Rainbow Gold 2 v.

Grenville: *v.* Grenville.

the Lady," Author of:
Frances Poynter.

statement, the.

ed English Version, with
and Various Readings from
t celebrated Manuscripts of
xt, by Constantine Tisch-
n, published 1869) 1 v.

Mrs. C. J.

2 v.

Dr. J. H. (Cardinal
un), † 1890.

Mrs.: *vide* Currer Bell.

Salatka," Author of:
Anthony Trollope.

urch," Author of (F.
on).

— Owen:—a Waif 2 v.

dy Augusta.

ion to Generation 1 v. —
2 v.

'rank (Am.), † 1902.

v. — The Pit 2 v.

V. E.

im 1 v. — A Bachelor's

— Major and Minor 2 v. —

— Miss Shafto 2 v. — Mrs.

Misadventure 2 v. — Saint

A Victim of Good Luck

Dancer in Yellow 1 v. —

sa 2 v. — Marietta's Mar-

The Fight for the Crown

ower 1 v. — Giles Ingilby 1 v.

of the Flock 1 v. — His

— The Credit of the County

oward the Luckless 1 v.

Ion. Mrs., † 1877.

leath 2 v. — Lost and

Old Sir Douglas 2 v.

ily Jealous," Author of
(a Hardy).

ous 2 v.

and Tales": *vide*
old Words."

O'Connor-Eccles, Charlotte: *vide*
Hal Godfrey.

Oliphant, Laurence, † 1888.

Altiora Peto 2 v. — Masallam 2 v.

Oliphant, Mrs., † 1897.

The Last of the Mortimers 2 v. — Mrs.

Margaret Maitland 1 v. — Agnes 2 v. —

Madonna Mary 2 v. — The Minister's

Wife 2 v. — The Rector and the Doctor's

Family 1 v. — Salem Chapel 2 v. — The

Perpetual Curate 2 v. — Miss Marjori-

banks 2 v. — Ombra 2 v. — Memoir of

Count de Montalembert 2 v. — May 2 v. —

Innocent 2 v. — For Love and Life 2 v. —

A Rose in June 1 v. — The Story of

Valentine and his Brother 2 v. — White-

ladies 2 v. — The Curate in Charge 1 v. —

Phoebe, Junior 2 v. — Mrs. Arthur 2 v. —

Carità 2 v. — Young Musgrave 2 v. —

The Primrose Path 2 v. — Within the

Precincts 3 v. — The Greatest Heiress in

England 2 v. — He that will not when he

may 2 v. — Harry Joscelyn 2 v. — In

Trust 2 v. — It was a Lover and his Lass

3 v. — The Ladies Lindores 3 v. — Hester

3 v. — The Wizard's Son 3 v. — A

Country Gentleman and his Family 2 v. —

Neighbours on the Green 1 v. — The Duke's

Daughter 1 v. — The Fugitives 1 v. —

Kirsteen 2 v. — Life of Laurence Oliphant

and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife 2 v. — The

Little Pilgrim in the Unseen 1 v. — The

Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent

2 v. — The Sorceress 2 v. — Sir Robert's

Fortune 2 v. — The Ways of Life 1 v. —

Old Mr. Tredgold 2 v.

"One who has kept a Diary":
vide George W. E. Russell.

Ossian.

The Poems of Ossian. Translated by
James Macpherson 1 v.

Ouida.

Idalia 2 v. — Tricotrin 2 v. — Puck 2 v. —

Chandos 2 v. — Strathmore 2 v. — Under

two Flags 2 v. — Folle-Farine 2 v. — A

Leaf in the Storm; A Dog of Flanders;

A Branch of Lilac; A Provence Rose

1 v. — Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and other

Novelettes 1 v. — Madame la Marquise,

and other Novelettes 1 v. — Pascarel 2 v.

— Held in Bondage 2 v. — Two little

Wooden Shoes 1 v. — Signa (with Portraits)

3 v. — In a Winter City 1 v. — Ariadne 2 v. —

Friendship 2 v. — Moths 3 v. — Pipistrello, and other Stories 1 v. — A Village Commune 2 v. — In Maremma 3 v. — Bimbi 1 v. — Wanda 3 v. — Frescoes and other Stories 1 v. — Princess Napraxine 3 v. — Othmar 3 v. — A Rainy June (60 Pf.). Don Gesualdo (60 Pf.). — A House Party 1 v. — Guilderoy 2 v. — Syrlis 3 v. — Rufino, and other Stories 1 v. — Santa Barbara, etc. 1 v. — Two Offenders 1 v. — The Silver Christ, etc. 1 v. — Toxin, and other Papers 1 v. — Le Selve, and Tonia 1 v. — The Massacre 2 v. — An Altruist, and Four Essays 1 v. — La Strega, and other Stories 1 v. — The Waters of Edera 1 v. — Street Dust, and Other Stories 1 v. — Critical Studies 1 v.

"Outcasts, the," Author of: *vide*
"Roy Tellet."

Parker, Sir Gilbert.

The Battle of the Strong 2 v. — Donovan Pasha, and Some People of Egypt 1 v. — The Seats of the Mighty 2 v.

Parr, Harriet (Holme Lee),
† 1900.

Basil Godfrey's Caprice 2 v. — For Richer, for Poorer 2 v. — The Beautiful Miss Barrington 2 v. — Her Title of Honour 1 v. — Echoes of a Famous Year 1 v. — Katherine's Trial 1 v. — The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax 2 v. — Ben Milner's Wooing 1 v. — Straightforward 2 v. — Mrs. Denys of Cote 2 v. — A Poor Squire 1 v.

Parr, Mrs.

Dorothy Fox 1 v. — The Prescotts of Pamphillion 2 v. — The Gosau Smithy, etc. 1 v. — Robin 2 v. — Loyalty George 2 v.

Paston, George.

A Study in Prejudices 1 v. — A Fair Deceiver 1 v.

Paul, Mrs.: *vide* Author of "Still Waters."

"Paul Ferroll," Author of (Mrs. Caroline Clive), † 1873.

Paul Ferroll 1 v. — Year after Year 1 v. — Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife 1 v.

Payn, James, † 1898.

Found Dead 1 v. — Gwendoline's Harvest 1 v. — Like Father, like Son 2 v. —

Not Wooded, but Won 2 v. — Cecil's Tryp 1 v. — A Woman's Vengeance 2 v. — Murphy's Master 1 v. — In the Heart of a Hill, and other Stories 1 v. — At Her Mercy 2 v. — The Best of Husbands 2 v. — Walter's Word 2 v. — Halves 2 v. — Fallen Fortunes 2 v. — What He cost Her 2 v. — By Proxy 2 v. — Less Black than we're Painted 2 v. — Under one Roof 2 v. — High Spirits 1 v. — High Spirits (Second Series) 1 v. — A Confidential Agent 2 v. — From Exile 2 v. — A Gripe from a Thorn 2 v. — Some Private Views 1 v. — For Cash Only 2 v. — Kit: A Memory 2 v. — The Canon's Ward (with Portrait) 2 v. — Some Literary Recollections 1 v. — The Talk of the Town 1 v. — The Luck of the Darrolls 2 v. — The Heir of the Ages 2 v. — Holiday Tales 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales (First Series) 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales (Second Series) 1 v. — A Prince of the Blood 2 v. — The Mystery of Mirbridge 2 v. — The Best Million 2 v. — The Word and the Will 2 v. — Sunny Stories, and some Shady Ones 1 v. — A Modern Dick Whittington 2 v. — A Stumble on the Threshold 2 v. — A Trying Patient 1 v. — Glens of Memory, and The Eavesdropper 1 v. — In Market Over 1 v. — The Disappearance of George Driffell, and other Tales 1 v. — Another's Burden etc. 1 v. — The Backwater of Life, or Essays of a Literary Veteran 1 v.

Peard, Frances Mary.

One Year 2 v. — The Rose-Garden 1 v. — Unawares 1 v. — Thorpe Regis 1 v. — A Winter Story 1 v. — A Madrigal, and other Stories 1 v. — Cartouche 1 v. — Mother Molly 1 v. — Schloss and Town 2 v. — Contradictions 2 v. — Near Neighbours 1 v. — Alicia Tennant 1 v. — Madame's Granddaughter 1 v. — Donna Teresa 1 v. — Number One and Number Two 2 v.

Pemberton, Max.

The Impregnable City 1 v. — A Woman of Kronstadt 1 v. — The Phantom Army 1 v. — The Garden of Swords 1 v. — The Footsteps of a Throne 1 v. — Pro Patria 1 v. — The Giant's Gate 2 v. — I crown thee King 1 v. — The House under the Sea 1 v. — The Gold Wolf 1 v. — Doctor Xavier 1 v.

Percy, Bishop Thomas, † 1811.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 3 v.

Philips, F. C.

As in a Looking Glass 1 v. — The Dean and his Daughter 1 v. — Lucy Smith 1 v. — A Lucky Young Woman 1 v. — Jack and Three Jills 1 v. — Little Mrs. Murray 1 v. — Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship 1 v. — Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Extenuating Circumstances, and A French Marriage 1 v. — More Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Constance 1 v. — That Wicked Mad'moiselle, etc. 1 v. — A Doctor in Difficulties, etc. 1 v. — Black and White 1 v. — "One Never Knows" 2 v. — Of Course 1 v. — Miss Ormerod's Protégé 1 v. — My little Husband 1 v. — Mrs. Bouverie 1 v. — A Question of Colour, and other Stories 1 v. — A Devil in Nun's Veiling 1 v. — A Full Confession, and other Stories 1 v. — The Luckiest of Three 1 v. — Poor Little Bella 1 v. — Eliza Clarke, Governess, and Other Stories 1 v. — Marriage, etc. 1 v. — School-girls of To-day, etc. 1 v. — If Only, etc. 1 v.

Philips, F. C. & Percy Fendall.
A Daughter's Sacrifice 1 v. — Margaret Byng 1 v.

Philips, F. C. & C. J. Willa.

The Fatal Phryne 1 v. — The Scudamores 1 v. — A Maiden Fair to See 1 v. — Sybil Ross's Marriage 1 v.

Phillipotts, Eden.

Lying Prophets 2 v. — The Human Boy 1 v. — Sons of the Morning 2 v. — The Good Red Earth 1 v. — The Striking Hours 1 v.

**Piddington, Miss: *vide* Author of
"The Last of the Cavaliers."**

Poe, Edgar Allan (Am.), † 1849.
Poems and Essays, edited with a new Memoir by John H. Ingram 1 v. — Tales, edited by John H. Ingram 1 v.

Pope, Alexander, † 1744.
Select Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Poynter, Miss E. Frances.
My Little Lady 2 v. — Ersilia 2 v. — Among the Hills 1 v. — Madame de Fresnel 1 v.

Præd, Mrs. Campbell.
Novo 1 v. — Affinities 1 v. — The Head
lution 2 v.

Prentiss, Mrs. E. (Am.), † 1878.
Stepping Heavenward 1 v.

Prince Consort, the, † 1861.
His Principal Speeches and Addresses
(with Portrait) 1 v.

Pryce, Richard.
Miss Maxwell's Affections 1 v. — The
Quiet Mrs. Fleming 1 v. — Time and the
Woman 1 v.

Pym, Hor. N.: *v.* Caroline Fox.
Q (A. T. Quiller-Couch).

Noughts and Crosses 1 v. — I Saw Three
Ships 1 v. — Dead Man's Rock 1 v. — Ia
and other Tales 1 v. — The Ship of Stars
1 v. — The Adventures of Harry Revel 1 v.

**Queen, H. M. the: *vide* Victoria
R. I.**

Rae, W. Fraser.
Westward by Rail 1 v. — Miss Bayle's
Romance 2 v. — The Business of Travel 1 v.

Raimond, C. E. (Miss Robins).
The Open Question 2 v. — The Magnetic
North 2 v.

"Rajah's Heir, the," Author of.
The Rajah's Heir 2 v.

Reade, Charles, † 1884.
"It is never too late to mend" 2 v. —
"Love me little, love me long" 1 v. —
The Cloister and the Hearth 2 v. — Hard
Cash 3 v. — Put Yourself in his Place 1 v. —
A Terrible Temptation 2 v. — Peg Wof-
fington 1 v. — Christie Johnstone 1 v. —
A Simpleton 2 v. — The Wandering Heir
1 v. — A Woman-Hater 2 v. — Readiana
1 v. — Singleheart and Doubleface 1 v.

"Recommended to Mercy,"
Author of (Mrs. Houstoun).
"Recommended to Mercy" 2 v. — Zoe's
"Brand" 2 v.

Reeves, Mrs.: *v.* Helen Mathers.

Rhys, Grace.
Mary Dominic 1 v. — The Wooing of
Sheila 1 v.

Rice, James: *v.* Walter Besant.
Richards, Alfred Bate, † 1876.
So very Human 3 v.

Richardson, S., † 1761.

Clarissa Harlowe 4 v.

Riddell, Mrs. (F. G. Trafford).

George Geith of Fen Court 2 v. — Maxwell Drewitt 2 v. — The Race for Wealth 2 v. — Far above Rubies 2 v. — The Earl's Promise 2 v. — Mortomley's Estate 2 v.

"Rita."

Souls 1 v. — The Jesters 1 v.

Ritchie, Mrs. Anne Thackeray:
vide Miss Thackeray.

Roberts, Miss: *vide* Author of
"Mademoiselle Mori."

Robertson, Rev. Frederick W.,
† 1853.

Sermons 4 v.

Robins, Miss: *vide* Raimond.

Robinson, F.: *vide* Author of
"No Church."

Ross, Charles H.

The Pretty Widow 1 v. — A London
Romance 2 v.

Ross, Martin: *vide* Somerville.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, † 1882.

Poems 1 v. — Ballads and Sonnets 1 v.

"Roy Tellet."

The Outcasts 1 v. — A Draught of
Lethe 1 v. — Pastor and Prelate 2 v.

Ruffini, J., † 1881.

Lavinia 2 v. — Doctor Antonio 1 v. —
Lorenzo Benoni 1 v. — Vincenzo 2 v. —
A Quiet Nook in the Jura 1 v. — The
Paragrees on a Visit to Paris 1 v. —
Carlino, and other Stories 1 v.

Russell, W. Clark.

A Sailor's Sweetheart 2 v. — The "Lady
Maud" 2 v. — A Sea Queen 2 v.

Russell, George W. E.

Collections and Recollections. By One
who has kept a Diary 2 v. — A Londoner's
Log-Book 1 v.

Sala, George Augustus, † 1895.

The Seven Sons of Mammon 2 v.

Saunders, John.

Israel Mort, Overman 2 v. — The Ship-
owner's Daughter 2 v. — A Noble Wife 2 v.

Saunders, Katherine (Mrs.
Cooper).

Joan Merryweather, and other Tales
1 v. — Gideon's Rock, and other Tales
1 v. — The High Mills 2 v. — Sebastian 1 v.

Savage, Richard Henry (Am.),
† 1903.

My Official Wife 1 v. — The Little Lady
of Lagunitas (with Portrait) 2 v. — Prince
Schamyl's Wooing 1 v. — The Masked
Venus 2 v. — Delilah of Harlem 2 v. — The
Anarchist 2 v. — A Daughter of Judas
1 v. — In the Old Chateau 1 v. — Miss
Devereux of the Mariquita 2 v. — Checked
Through 2 v. — A Modern Corsair 2 v. —
In the Swim 2 v. — The White Lady of
Khaminavotka 2 v. — In the House of His
Friends 2 v. — The Mystery of a Shipyard 2 v.
— A Monte Cristo in Khaki 1 v.

Schreiner, Olive.

Trooper Peter Halket of Mashona-
land 1 v.

Scott, Sir Walter, † 1832.

Waverley (with Portrait) 1 v. — The
Antiquary 1 v. — Ivanhoe 1 v. — Kenil-
worth 1 v. — Quentin Durward 1 v. — Old
Mortality 1 v. — Guy Mannering 1 v. —
Rob Roy 1 v. — The Pirate 1 v. — The
Fortunes of Nigel 1 v. — The Black Dwarf;
A Legend of Montrose 1 v. — The Bride
of Lammermoor 1 v. — The Heart of Mid-
Lothian 2 v. — The Monastery 1 v. — The
Abbot 1 v. — Peveril of the Peak 2 v. —
Poetical Works 2 v. — Woodstock 1 v. —
The Fair Maid of Perth 1 v. — Anne of
Geierstein 1 v.

Seeley, Prof. J. R., M.A., † 1895.

Life and Times of Stein (with a Portrait
of Stein) 4 v. — The Expansion of Eng-
land 1 v. — Goethe 1 v.

Sewell, Elizabeth.

Amy Herbert 2 v. — Ursula 2 v. — A
Glimpse of the World 2 v. — The Journal
of a Home Life 2 v. — After Life 2 v. —
The Experience of Life 2 v.

Shakespeare, William, † 1616.

Plays and Poems (with Portrait) (*Second
Edition*) 7 v. — Doubtful Plays 1 v.

Shakespeare's Plays may also be had in
37 numbers, at 60 s. 30. each number.

Sharp, William: *vide* Miss Howard and Swinburne.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, † 1822.
A Selection from his Poems 1 v.

Sheppard, Nathan (Am.), † 1888.
Shut up in Paris 1 v.

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley,
† 1816.
The Dramatic Works 1 v.

Shorthouse, J. Henry.
John Inglesant 2 v. — Blanche, Lady Falsaise 1 v.

Slatin Pasha, Rudolf C., C.B.
Fire and Sword in the Sudan (with two Maps in Colours) 3 v.

Smedley, F. E.: *vide* Author of "Frank Fairleigh."

Smollett, Tobias, † 1771.
Roderick Random 1 v. — Humphry Clinker 1 v. — Peregrine Pickle 2 v.

"**Society in London,**" Author of. Society in London. By a Foreign Resident 1 v.

Somerville, E. CE., & Martin Ross.
Naboth's Vineyard 1 v. — All on the Irish Shore 1 v.

"**Spanish Brothers, the,**" Author of
The Spanish Brothers 2 v.

Stanhope, Earl (Lord Mahon),
† 1875.
The History of England 7 v. — Reign of Queen Anne 2 v.

Steel, Flora Annie.
The Hosts of the Lord 2 v. — In the Guardianship of God 1 v.

Steevens, G. W., † 1900.
From Capetown to Ladysmith 1 v.

Sterne, Laurence, † 1768.
Tristram Shandy 1 v. — A Sentimental Journey (with Portrait) 1 v.

Stevenson, Robert Louis, † 1894.
Treasure Island 1 v. — Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and An Inland Voyage 1 v. — Kidnapped 1 v. — The Black Arrow 1 v. —

The Master of Ballantrae 1 v. — The Merry Men, etc. 1 v. — Across the Plains, etc. 1 v. — Island Nights' Entertainments 1 v. — Catriona 1 v. — Weir of Hermiston 1 v. — St. Ives 2 v. — In the South Seas 2 v.

"**Still Waters,**" Author of (Mrs. Paul).

Still Waters 1 v. — Dorothy 1 v. — De Cressy 1 v. — Uncle Ralph 1 v. — Maiden Sisters 1 v. — Martha Brown 1 v. — Vanessa 1 v.

Stirling, M. C.: *vide* G. M. Craik.

Stockton, Frank R. (Am.)
The House of Martha 1 v.

"**Story of a Penitent Soul, the,**"
Author of.
The Story of a Penitent Soul 1 v.

"**Story of Elizabeth, the,**" Author of: *vide* Miss Thackeray.

Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher (Am.), † 1896.

Uncle Tom's Cabin (with Portrait) 2 v. — A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin 2 v. — Dred 2 v. — The Minister's Wooing 1 v. — Old-town Folks 2 v.

"**Sunbeam Stories,**" Author of: *vide* Mrs. Mackarness.

Swift, Jonathan (Dean Swift),
† 1745.
Gulliver's Travels 1 v.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles.
Atalanta in Calydon: and Lyrical Poems (edited, with an Introduction, by William Sharp) 1 v.

Symonds, John Addington,
† 1893.

Sketches in Italy 1 v. — New Italian Sketches 1 v.

Tallentyre, S. G.: *v.* H. S. Merri-man.

Tasma.
Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill 2 v.

Tautphoeus, Baroness, † 1893.
Cyrilla 2 v. — The Initials 2 v. — Quits 2 v. — At Odds 2 v.

Taylor, Col. Meadows, † 1876
Tara; a Mahratta Tale 3 v.

Templeton: vide Author of
"Horace Templeton."

Tennyson, Alfred (Lord), † 1892.
Poetical Works 8 v. — Queen Mary
1 v. — Harold 1 v. — Becket; The Cup;
The Falcon 1 v. — Locksley Hall, sixty
Years after; The Promise of May; Tiresias
and other Poems 1 v. — A Memoir. By
His Son (with Portrait) 4 v.

Testament, the New: vide New.

**Thackeray, William Make-
peace,** † 1863.

Vanity Fair 3 v. — Pendennis 3 v. —
Miscellanies 8 v. — Henry Esmond 2 v. —
The English Humourists of the Eighteenth
Century 1 v. — The Newcomes 4 v. — The
Virginians 4 v. — The Four Georges;
Love's Widower 1 v. — The Adventures
of Philip 2 v. — Denis Duval 1 v. —
Roundabout Papers 2 v. — Catherine
1 v. — The Irish Sketch Book 2 v. — The
Paris Sketch Book (with Portrait) 2 v.

Thackeray, Miss (Mrs. Ritchie).
The Story of Elizabeth 1 v. — The Village
on the Cliff 1 v. — Old Kensington 2 v. —
Bluebeard's Keys, and other Stories 1 v. —
Five Old Friends 1 v. — Miss Angel 1 v. —
Out of the World, and other Tales 1 v. —
Fulham Lawn, and other Tales 1 v. — From
an Island. A Story and some Essays 1 v. —
Da Capo, and other Tales 1 v. — Madame
de Sévigné; From a Stage Box; Miss
Williamson's Divagations 1 v. — A Book
of Sibyls 1 v. — Mrs. Dymond 2 v. —
Chapters from some Memoirs 1 v.

Thomas a Kempis: v. Kempis.

Thomas, A. (Mrs. Pender Cudlip).
Denis Donne 2 v. — On Guard 2 v. —
Walter Goring 2 v. — Played Out 2 v. —
Called to Account 2 v. — Only Herself
2 v. — A Narrow Escape 2 v.

Thomson, James, † 1748.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

"Thoth," Author of.
Thoth 1 v.

"Tim," Author of.
Tim 1 v.

Trafford, F. G.: v. Mrs. Riddell.

**Trevelyan, Right Hon. Sir
George Otto.**

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay

(with Portrait) 4 v. — Selections from the
Writings of Lord Macaulay 2 v. — The
American Revolution (with a Map) 2 v.

Trois-Etoiles, vide Grenville
Murray.

Trollope, Anthony, † 1882.

Doctor Thorne 2 v. — The Bertons
2 v. — The Warden 1 v. — Barchest
Towers 2 v. — Castle Richmond 2 v. — The
West Indies 1 v. — Framley Parsonage 2 v.
— North America 3 v. — Orley Farm 3 v.
— Rachel Ray 2 v. — The Small House
at Allington 3 v. — Can you forgive her
3 v. — The Belton Estate 2 v. — Nis
Balatka 1 v. — The Last Chronicle
Barset 3 v. — The Claverings 2 v. — Phineas
Finn 3 v. — He knew he was right 3 v.
The Vicar of Bullhampton 2 v. — Sir Han
Hotspur of Humblethwaite 1 v. — Ralph
the Heir 2 v. — The Golden Lion 1 v.
Granpere 1 v. — Australia and New Zea-
land 3 v. — Lady Anna 2 v. — Han
Heathcote of Gangoll 1 v. — The Way
live now 4 v. — The Prime Minister 4 v.
The American Senator 3 v. — South Africa
2 v. — Is He Popenjoy? 3 v. — An Eye for
an Eye 1 v. — John Caldigate 3 v. — Cousin
Henry 1 v. — The Duke's Children 3 v. —
Dr. Wortle's School 1 v. — Ayala's Ang
3 v. — The Fixed Period 1 v. — Marion Fitz
2 v. — Kept in the Dark 1 v. — Frau Fro-
mann, and other Stories 1 v. — Alice Dag-
dale, and other Stories 1 v. — La M^{lle}
Bauche, and other Stories 1 v. — The
Mistletoe Bough, and other Stories 1 v. —
An Autobiography 1 v. — An Old Man
Love 1 v.

Trollope, T. Adolphus, † 1891.

The Garstangs of Garstang Grange 2 v.
— A Siren 2 v.

Trowbridge, W. R. H.

The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth
1 v. — A Girl of the Multitude 1 v.

**Twain, Mark (Samuel L.
Clemens) (Am.).**

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer 1 v. —
The Innocents Abroad; or, The New
Pilgrims' Progress 2 v. — A Tramp Abroad
2 v. — "Roughing it" 1 v. — The In-
nocents at Home 1 v. — The Prince and
the Pauper 2 v. — The Stolen White
Elephant, etc. 1 v. — Life on the Mis-
sissippi 2 v. — Sketches (with Portraits)
1 v. — Huckleberry Finn 2 v. — Selections
from American Humour 1 v. — An

ourt of King Arthur 2 v. — The
Claimant 1 v. — The £ 1000 000
and other new Stories 1 v. —
ryer Abroad 1 v. — Pudd'nhead
v. — Personal Recollections of
rc 2 v. — Tom Sawyer, Detective,
r Tales 1 v. — More Tramps
1 v. — The Man that corrupted
urg, etc. 2 v. — A Double-Bar-
tective Story, etc. 1 v.

Cosmos, the," Author of.
Cosmos 1 v.

us and Cupid," Author of.
d Cupid 1 v.

a," Author of.
r. — The Hôtel du Petit St.
— Blue Roses 2 v. — Within
the Sea 2 v. — The Maritime
their Seaboard 2 v. — Ninette 1 v.

ria R. I.
om the Journal of our Life in
lands from 1848 to 1861 1 v. —
ives, etc. from 1862 to 1882 1 v.

inia," Author of.
1 v.

elly, Ernest Alfred.
in England 1 v.

ord, L. B.
h 2 v. — Pauline 2 v. — Consins
roublesome Daughters 2 v. —
arget 1 v.

ace, D. Mackenzie.
r.

ace, Lew. (Am.).
2 v.

urton, Eliot, † 1852.
cent and the Cross 2 v. —
v.

l, Mrs. Humphry.
lsmere 3 v. — David Grieve
sBretherton 1 v. — Marcella 3 v.
strell 1 v. — Sir George Tressady
lbeck of Bannisdale 2 v. —
v. — Lady Rose's Daughter 2 v.

ier, Susan *vide*: Wetherell.

en, Samuel, † 1877.
a late Physician 2 v. — Ten
Year 3 v. — Now and Then
Lily and the Bee 1 v.

"Waterdale Neighbours, the,"
Author of: v. Justin McCarthy.

Watts-Dunton, Theodore.
Aylwin 2 v.

Wells, H. G.
The Stolen Bacillus, etc. 1 v. — The War
of the Worlds 1 v. — The Invisible Man 1 v.
— The Time Machine, and The Island of
Doctor Moreau 1 v. — When the Sleeper
Wakes 1 v. — Tales of Space and Time 1 v.
— The Plattner Story, and Others 1 v. —
Love and Mr. Lewisham 1 v. — The Wheels
of Chance 1 v. — Anticipations 1 v. — The
First Men in the Moon 1 v. — The Sea Lady
1 v. — Mankind in the Making 2 v. — Twelve
Stories and a Dream 1 v.

Westbury, Hugh.
Acte 2 v.

Wetherell, Elizabeth (Susan
Warner) (Am.), † 1885.

The wide, wide World 1 v. — Queechy
2 v. — The Hills of the Shatemuc 2 v. —
Say and Seal 2 v. — The Old Helmet 2 v.

Weyman, Stanley J.
The House of the Wolf 1 v. — The Story
of Francis Cludde 2 v. — A Gentleman of
France 2 v. — The Man in Black 1 v. —
Under the Red Robe 1 v. — My Lady
Rotha 2 v. — From the Memoirs of a Minis-
ter of France 1 v. — The Red Cockade 2 v.
— Shrewsbury 2 v. — The Castle Inn 2 v.
— Sophia 2 v. — Count Hannibal 2 v. — In
Kings' Byways 1 v. — The Long Night 2 v.

"Whim, a, and its Conse-
quences," Author of.
A Whim, and its Consequences 1 v.

Whitby, Beatrice.
The Awakening of Mary Fenwick 2 v. —
In the Suntime of her Youth 2 v.

White, Percy.
Mr. Bailey-Martin 1 v. — The West End 2 v.
— The New Christians 1 v. — Park Lane 2 v.
— The Countess and The King's Diary 1 v.
— The Triumph of Mrs. St. George 2 v.

White, Walter.
Holidays in Tyrol 1 v.

Whiteing, Richard.
The Island; or, An Adventure of a Per-
son of Quality 1 v. — No. 5 John Street 1 v.
— The Life of Paris 1 v. — The Yellow Van 1 v.

Whitman, Sidney.
Imperial Germany 1 v. — The Realm
of the Hababurga 1 v. — Teuton Studies

1 v. — *Reminiscences of the King of Roumania*, edited by Sidney Whitman 1 v. — *Conversations with Prince Bismarck*, edited by Sidney Whitman 1 v. — *Life of the Emperor Frederick* 2 v.

"Who Breaks—Pays," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Jenkin.

Whyte Melville, George J.: *vide* Melville.

Wiggin, Kate Douglas (Am.).

Timothy's Quest 1 v. — *A Cathedral Courtship*, and *Penelope's English Experiences* 1 v. — *Penelope's Irish Experiences* 1 v.

Wilkins, Mary E. (Am.).

Pembroke 1 v. — *Madelon* 1 v. — *Jerome* 2 v. — *Silence*, and other Stories 1 v. — *The Love of Parson Lord*, etc. 1 v.

Wills, C. J., *vide* F. C. Philips.

Winter, Mrs. J. S.
Regimental Legends 1 v.

Wood, Charles: *vide* Author of "Buried Alone."

Wood, H. F.
The Passenger from Scotland Yard 1 v.

Wood, Mrs. Henry (Johnny Ludlow), † 1887.

East Lynne 3 v. — *The Channings* 2 v. — *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles* 2 v. — *Verner's Pride* 3 v. — *The Shadow of Ashlydyat* 3 v. — *Trevlyn Hold* 2 v. — *Lord Oakburn's Daughters* 2 v. — *Oswald Cray* 2 v. — *Mildred Arkell* 2 v. — *St. Martin's Eve* 2 v. — *Elster's Folly* 2 v. — *Lady Adelaide's Oath* 2 v. — *Orville College* 1 v. — *A Life's Secret* 1 v. — *The Red Court Farm* 2 v. — *Anne Hereford* 2 v. — *Roland Yorke* 2 v. — *George Canterbury's Will* 2 v. — *Bessy Rane* 2 v. — *Dene Hollow* 2 v. — *The Foggy Night at Offord*; *Martyn Ware's Temptation*; *The Night-Walk over the Mill Stream* 1 v. — *Within the Maze* 2 v. — *The Master of Greylands* 2 v. — *Johnny Ludlow* 2 v. — *Told in the Twilight* 2 v. — *Adam Grainger* 1 v. — *Edina* 2 v. — *Pomeroy Abbey* 2 v. — *Court Netherleigh* 2 v. — (The following by Johnny Ludlow): *Lost in the Post*, and *Other Tales* 1 v. — *A Tale of Sin*, and *Other* 1 v. — *Anne*, and *Other Tales* 1 v. — *Mystery of Jessy Page*, and *Other*

Tales 1 v. — *Helen Whitney's Wedding*, and *Other Tales* 1 v. — *The Story of Dorothy Grape*, and *Other Tales* 1 v.

Woodroffe, Daniel.
Tangled Trinities 1 v.

Woods, Margaret L.
A Village Tragedy 1 v. — *The Vagabonds* 1 v. — *Sons of the Sword* 2 v.

Wordsworth, William, † 1850.
Select Poetical Works 2 v.

Wraxall, Lascelles, † 1865.
Wild Oats 1 v.

Yates, Edmund, † 1894.
Land at Last 2 v. — *Broken to Harness* 2 v. — *The Forlorn Hope* 2 v. — *Black Sheep* 2 v. — *The Rock Ahead* 2 v. — *Wrecked in Port* 2 v. — *Dr. Wainwright's Patient* 2 v. — *Nobody's Fortune* 2 v. — *Castaway* 2 v. — *A Waiting Race* 2 v. — *The yellow Flag* 2 v. — *The Impending Sword* 2 v. — *Two, by Tricks* 1 v. — *A Silent Witness* 2 v. — *Recollections and Experiences* 2 v.

Yeats: *vide* Levett-Yeats.

Yonge, Charlotte M., † 1901.
The Heir of Redclyffe 2 v. — *Heartsease* 2 v. — *The Daisy Chain* 2 v. — *Dynver Terrace* 2 v. — *Hopes and Fears* 2 v. — *The Young Step-Mother* 2 v. — *The Trial* 2 v. — *The Clever Woman of the Family* 2 v. — *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest* 2 v. — *The Danvers Papers*; *The Prince and the Page* 1 v. — *The Chaplet of Pearls* 2 v. — *The two Guardians* 1 v. — *The Caged Lion* 2 v. — *The Pillars of the House* 5 v. — *Lady Hester* 1 v. — *My Young Alcides* 2 v. — *The Three Brides* 2 v. — *Woman-kind* 2 v. — *Magnum Bonum* 2 v. — *Love and Life* 1 v. — *Unknown to History* 2 v. — *Stray Pearls (with Portrait)* 2 v. — *The Armourer's Prentices* 2 v. — *The Two Sides of the Shield* 2 v. — *Nuttie's Father* 2 v. — *Beechcroft at Rockstone* 2 v. — *A Reputed Changeling* 2 v. — *Two Penniless Princesses* 1 v. — *That Stick* 1 v. — *Grisly Grisell* 1 v. — *The Long Vacation* 2 v. — *Modern Broods* 1 v.

"Young Mistley," Author of
vide Henry Seton Merriman

Zangwill, I.
Dreamers of the Ghetto 2 v.

"Z."
The World and a Man 2 v.

Series for the Young.

30 Volumes. Published with Continental Copyright on the same conditions as the Collection of English and American Authors. Vide p. 1.

— Price 1 M. 60 Pf. or 2 Fr. per Volume. —

Barker, Lady (Lady Broome).
Stories About:— 1 v.
Charlesworth, Maria Louisa,
† 1880.
Ministering Children 1 v.
Craik, Mrs. (Miss Mulock), † 1887.
Our Year 1 v. — Three Tales for Boys
1 v. — Three Tales for Girls 1 v.
Craik, Georgiana M. (Mrs. May).
Cousin Trix, and her Welcome Tales 1 v.
Edgeworth, Maria, † 1849.
Moral Tales 1 v. — Popular Tales 2 v.
Kavanagh, Bridget & Julia,
† 1877.
The Pearl Fountain, and other Fairy-
Tales 1 v.
Lamb, Charles & Mary, † 1834
and 1847.
Tales from Shakspeare 1 v.
Marryat, Captain, † 1848.
Masterman Ready 1 v.

Marshall, Mrs. Emma, † 1899.
Rex and Regina 1 v.
Montgomery, Florence.
The Town-Crier; to which is added:
The Children with the Indian-Rubber
Ball 1 v.
"Ruth and her Friends," Author
of.
Ruth and her Friends. A Story for Girls 1 v.
Wood, Mrs. Henry, † 1887.
William Allair 1 v.
Yonge, Charlotte M., † 1901.
Kenneth; or, the Rear-Guard of the
Grand Army 1 v. — The Little Duke.
Ben Sylvester's Word 1 v. — The
Stokesley Secret 1 v. — Countess Kate 1 v.
— A Book of Golden Deeds 2 v. — Friars-
wood Post-Office 1 v. — Henrietta's Wish
1 v. — Kings of England 1 v. — The
Lances of Lynwood; the Pigeon Pie 1 v.
— P's and Q's 1 v. — Aunt Charlotte's Stories
of English History 1 v. — Bye-Words 1 v. —
Lads and Lasses of Langley, etc. 1 v.

Collection of German Authors.

51 Volumes. Translations from the German, published with universal copyright. These volumes may be imported into any country.

— Price 1 M. 60 Pf. or 2 Fr. per Volume. —

Auerbach, Berthold, † 1882.
On the Heights, (Second Edition) 3 v. —
Brigitta 1 v. — Spinoza 2 v.
Ebers, Georg, † 1898.
An Egyptian Princess 2 v. — Uarda
2 v. — Homo Sum 2 v. — The Sisters [Die
Schwestern] 2 v. — Joshua 2 v. — Per
Aspera 2 v.
Fouqué, De la Motte, † 1843.
Udine, Sintram, etc. 1 v.
Freiligrath, Ferdinand, † 1876.
Poems (Second Edition) 1 v.
Görlach, Wilhelm.
Prince Bismarck (with Portrait) 1 v.
Goethe, W. v., † 1832.
Faust 1 v. — Wilhelm Meister's Ap-
prenticeship 2 v.
Gutzkow, Karl, † 1878.
Through Night to Light 1 v.
Hackländer, F. W., † 1877.
Behind the Counter [Handel und
Wandel] 1 v.
Hauff, Wilhelm, † 1827.
Three Tales 1 v.
Heyse, Paul.
L'Arrabiata, etc. 1 v. — The Dead Lake,
etc. 1 v. — Barbarossa, etc. 1 v.
Hillern, Wilhelmine von.
The Vulture Maiden [die Geier-Wail-
1 v. — The Hour will come 2 v.

Kohn, Salomon.
Gabriel 1 v.

Lessing, G. E., † 1781.
Nathan the Wise and Emilia Galotti 1 v.

Lewald, Fanny, † 1889.
Stella 2 v.

Marlitt, E., † 1887.
The Princess of the Moor [das Haide-
prinzesschen] 2 v.

Nathusius, Maria, † 1857.
Joachim v. Kamern, and Diary of a
Poor Young Lady 2 v.

Reuter, Fritz, † 1874.
In the Year '13 1 v. — An old Story of
my Farming Days [U'mine Stromtid] 3 v.

Richter, J. P. Friedrich (Jean
Paul), † 1825.
Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces 2 v.
Scheffel, Victor von, † 1886.
Ekkehard 2 v.

Taylor, George.
Klytia 2 v.

Zschokke, Heinrich, † 1848.
The Princess of Brunswick-Wolfen-
büttel, etc. 1 v.

Students' Series for School, College, and Home.

Ausgaben

mit deutschen Anmerkungen und Special-Wörterbüchern.

Br. = Broschiert. Kart. = Kartoniert.

Bulwer, Edward, Lord Lytton,
† 1873.
The Lady of Lyons. Von Dr. Fritz
Bischoff. Br. M 0,50. Kart. M 0,60.

Burnett, Frances Hodgson
(Am.).
Little Lord Fauntleroy. Von Dr. Ernst
Groth. Br. M 1,50. Kart. M 1,60. — An-
merkungen und Wörterbuch. Br. M 0,40.
Sara Crewe. Von Bertha Connell. Br.
M 0,50. Kart. M 0,60. — Anmerkungen
und Wörterbuch. Br. M 0,40.

Carlyle, Thomas, † 1881.
The Reign of Terror (French Revolu-
tion). Von Dr. Ludwig Herrig. Br.
M 1,00. Kart. M 1,10.

Craik, Mrs. (Miss Mulock),
† 1887.
A Hero. A Tale for Boys. Von Dr.
Otto Dost. Br. M 0,80. Kart. M 0,90. —
Wörterbuch. Br. M 0,40.

Dickens, Charles, † 1870.
Sketches. First Series. Von Dr. A.
Hoppe. Br. M 1,20. Kart. M 1,30.
Sketches. Second Series. Von Dr. A.
Hoppe. Br. M 1,40. Kart. M 1,50. — Wörter-
buch (First and Second Series). Br. M 1,00.
A Christmas Carol in Prose. Being
a Ghost Story of Christmas. Von Dr.
G. Tanger. Br. M 1,00. Kart. M 1,10.

Eliot, George (Miss Evans-
Mrs. Cross), † 1880.
The Mill on the Floss. Von Dr. H.
Conrad. Br. M 1,70. Kart. M 1,80.

Ewing, Juliana Horatia, † 1885.
Jackanapes. Von E. Roos. Br. M 0,50.
Kart. M 0,60. — Wörterbuch. Br. M 0,20.
The Brownies; and The Land of
Toys. Von Dr. A. Müller. Br. M 0,60.
Kart. M 0,70. — Wörterbuch. Br. M 0,30.
Timothy's Shoes; An Idyll of the
Wood; Benjyin Beastland. Von E. Roos.
Br. M 0,70. Kart. M 0,80. — Wörter-
buch. Br. M 0,30.

Franklin, Benjamin (Am.)
† 1790.
His Autobiography. Von Dr. Kar
Feyerabend. I. Teil. Die Jugendjahre
(1706—1730). Br. M 1,00. Kart. M 1,10.
II. Teil. Die Mannesjahre (1731 bi
1757). Mit einer Beigabe: *The Way
Wealth*. Von Dr. Karl Feyerabend.
Br. M 1,20. Kart. M 1,30.

Freeman, Edward A. † 1892.
Three Historical Essays. Von Dr. C.
Balzer. Br. M 0,70. Kart. M 0,80.

Harte, Bret (Am.), † 1902.
Tales of the Argonauts. Von Dr.
Tanger. Br. M 1,40. Kart. M 1,50.

- Hawthorne, Nathaniel (Am.),**
† 1864.
Wonder Book for Boys and Girls. Von *E. Ross*. Br. *ℳ* 0,70. Kart. *ℳ* 0,80. — Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch. Br. *ℳ* 0,40.
- Hughes, Thomas, † 1898.**
Tom Brown's School Days. Von Dr. *I. Schmidt*. 2 Parts. Br. *ℳ* 3,00. Kart. *ℳ* 3,20. Part I. apart. Br. *ℳ* 1,70. Kart. *ℳ* 1,80. Part II. apart. Br. *ℳ* 1,30. Kart. *ℳ* 1,40.
- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (Am.), † 1882.**
Tales of a Wayside Inn. Von Dr. *H. Varnhagen*. 2 Bände. Br. *ℳ* 2,00. Kart. *ℳ* 2,20. 1. Band apart. Br. *ℳ* 1,00. Kart. *ℳ* 1,10. 2. Band apart. Br. *ℳ* 1,00. Kart. *ℳ* 1,10.
- Macaulay, Lord, Thomas Babington, † 1859.**
England before the Restoration. (History of England. Chapter I.) Von Dr. *W. Ihne*. Br. *ℳ* 0,70. Kart. *ℳ* 0,80.
England under Charles the Second. (History of England. Chapter II.) Von Dr. *W. Ihne*. Br. *ℳ* 1,00. Kart. *ℳ* 1,10.
The Rebellions of Argyle and Monmouth. (History of England. Chapter V.) Von Dr. *Immanuel Schmidt*. Br. *ℳ* 1,00. Kart. *ℳ* 1,10.
Lord Clive. (Histor. Essay.) Von Prof. Dr. *R. Thum*. Br. *ℳ* 1,40. Kart. *ℳ* 1,50.
Ranke's History of the Popes. (Historical Essay.) Von Prof. Dr. *R. Thum*. Br. *ℳ* 0,60. Kart. *ℳ* 0,70.
Warren Hastings. (Historical Essay.) Von Prof. Dr. *R. Thum*. Br. *ℳ* 1,50. Kart. *ℳ* 1,60.
- McCarthy, Justin.**
The Indian Mutiny. (Chap. 32—35 of "A History of our own Times.") Von Dr. *A. Hamann*. Br. *ℳ* 0,60. Kart. *ℳ* 0,70. — Wörterbuch. Br. *ℳ* 0,20.
- Montgomery, Florence.**
Misunderstood. Von Dr. *R. Palm*. Br. *ℳ* 1,60. Kart. *ℳ* 1,70. — Wörterbuch. Br. *ℳ* 0,40.
- Scott, Sir Walter, † 1832.**
The Talisman. Von Dr. *R. Dressel*. Br. *ℳ* 1,60. Kart. *ℳ* 1,70.
Tales of a Grandfather. First Series. Von Dr. *H. Löschhorn*. Br. *ℳ* 1,50. Kart. *ℳ* 1,60. — Wörterbuch. Br. *ℳ* 0,50.
Tales of a Grandfather. Second Series. Von Dr. *H. Löschhorn*. Br. *ℳ* 1,70. Kart. *ℳ* 1,80.
- Shakespeare, William, † 1616.**
Twelfth Night; or, What you will. Von Dr. *H. Conrad*. Br. *ℳ* 1,40. Kart. *ℳ* 1,50.
Julius Caesar. Von Dr. *Immanuel Schmidt*. Br. *ℳ* 1,00. Kart. *ℳ* 1,10.
Macbeth. Von Dr. *Immanuel Schmidt*. Br. *ℳ* 1,00. Kart. *ℳ* 1,10.
- Stanhope, Earl (Lord Mahon), † 1875.**
Prince Charles Stuart. (History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles. 1713—1783.) Von Dr. *Martin Krummacker*. Br. *ℳ* 1,20. Kart. *ℳ* 1,30.
The Seven Years' War. Von Dr. *M. Krummacker*. Br. *ℳ* 1,20. Kart. *ℳ* 1,30.
- Tennyson, Alfred Lord, † 1892.**
Enoch Arden and other Poems. Von Dr. *A. Hamann*. Br. *ℳ* 0,70. Kart. *ℳ* 0,80. — Wörterbuch. Br. *ℳ* 0,20.
- Thackeray, W. M. † 1863.**
Samuel Titmarsh and The great Hogarty Diamond. Von *George Boyle*. Br. *ℳ* 1,20. Kart. *ℳ* 1,30.
- Yonge, Charlotte M., † 1901.**
The Little Duke, or, Richard the Fearless. Von *E. Roos*. Br. *ℳ* 0,90. Kart. *ℳ* 1,00. — Wörterbuch. Br. *ℳ* 0,20.

Manuals of Conversation (same size as Tauchnitz Edition).

Each Volume, bound *ℳ* 2,25.

Für Deutsche.

- Englische Conversationssprache
von *A. Schlessing*.
Französische Conversationssprache
von *L. Rollin*.
Russische Conversationssprache
von Dr. *Z. Koiransky*.

For English students.

- German Language of Conversation
by *A. Schlessing*.
À l'usage des étudiants français.
Conversation Allemande par MM.
L. Rollin et Wolfgang Weber.

Tauchnitz Dictionaries.

For sale and for use in all countries.

Crown 8vo.

English-German and German-English. (JAMES.) *Thirty-ninth Edition.* Sewed *ℳ* 4,50. Bound *ℳ* 5,00.

English-French and French-English. (JAMES & MOLÉ.) *Sixteenth, entirely new and modern Edition.* Sewed *ℳ* 5,00. Bound *ℳ* 6,00.

English-Italian and Italian-English. (JAMES & GRASSI.) *Twelfth Edition.* Sewed *ℳ* 5,00.

Tolhausen, Technological Dictionary in three Languages. Complete in three parts. Each part with a new large Supplement including all modern terms and expressions in Electricity, Telegraphy and Telephony.

Vol. I. Français-Allemand-Anglais. *41ème Edition.* Avec un grand Supplément de 1901. *ℳ* 10,00.

Grand Supplément du vol. I. séparément. *ℳ* 2,00.

„ II. English-German-French. *4th Edition.* With a large Supplement published in 1902. *ℳ* 10,00.

Large Supplement to vol. II. separately. *ℳ* 2,00.

„ III. Deutsch-Englisch-Französisch. *4. Auflage.* Mit einem Nachtrag von 1902. *ℳ* 9,00.

Nachtrag zu Band III. einzeln *ℳ* 1,00.

Pocket Dictionaries (same size as Tauchnitz Edition).

Bound *ℳ* 2,25. Sewed *ℳ* 1,50.

These Dictionaries are constantly revised and kept carefully up to date.

English-German and German-English. *Twenty-seventh Edition.*

English-French and French-English. *Twenty-eighth Edition.*

English-Italian and Italian-English. *Twentieth Edition.*

English-Spanish and Spanish-English. *Twenty-fifth Edition.*

Latin-English and English-Latin. *Fourteenth Edition.*

Französisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Französisch. *Achte Auflage.*

Italienisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Italienisch. *Sechste Auflage.*

Espagnol-Français et Français-Espagnol. *Troisième Edition.*

Russisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Russisch. (KOIRANSKY.)

Dritte Auflage. Br. *ℳ* 3,00. Geb. *ℳ* 4,00.

Imperial 4o.

Italienisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Italienisch. (RIGUTINI & BULLE.)

2 Bände. 1. Band. *3. Auflage.* 2. Band. *2. Auflage.* Br. *ℳ* 18,00.

Geb. *ℳ* 20,00. Halbmarokko *ℳ* 23,00.

Spanisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Spanisch. (TOLHAUSEN.) 2 Bände.

4. Auflage. Br. *ℳ* 15,00. Geb. *ℳ* 17,50. Halbmarokko *ℳ* 20,50.

Imperial 8o.

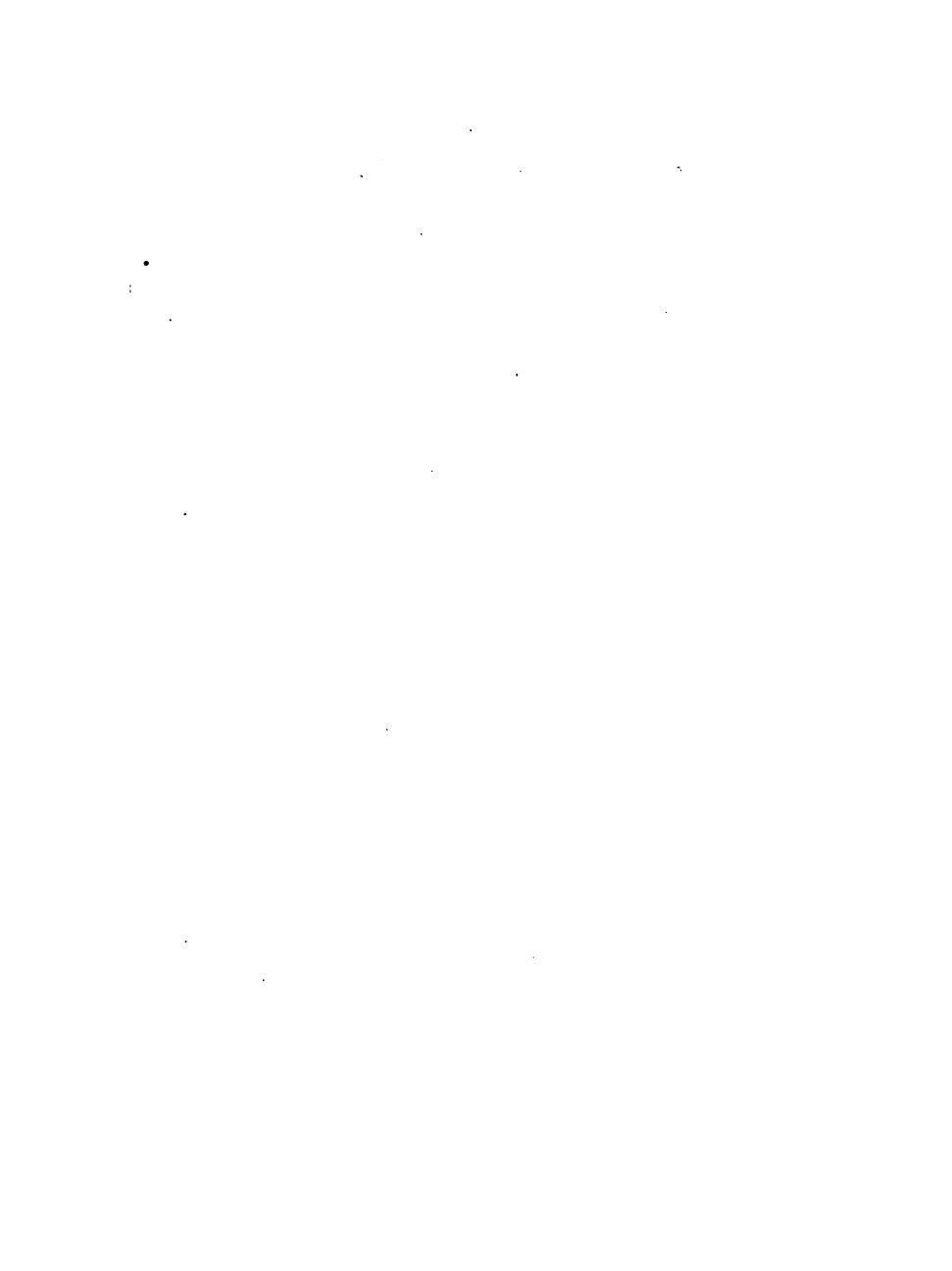
Hebräisch-chaldäisches Handwörterbuch über das Alte Testament (FÜRST.) 2 Bände. *Dritte Auflage.* *ℳ* 13,50.

Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon. (FÜRST.) Translated from the German. *Fifth Edition.* *ℳ* 19,00.

Handwörterbuch der Deutschen Sprache. (WEBER.) *Zweihundert swanzigste Auflage.* Br. *ℳ* 6,00.

Handbuch der Fremdwörter. (WEBER.) *Siebzehnte Auflage.* Br. *ℳ* 7,00.

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, LEIPZIG.



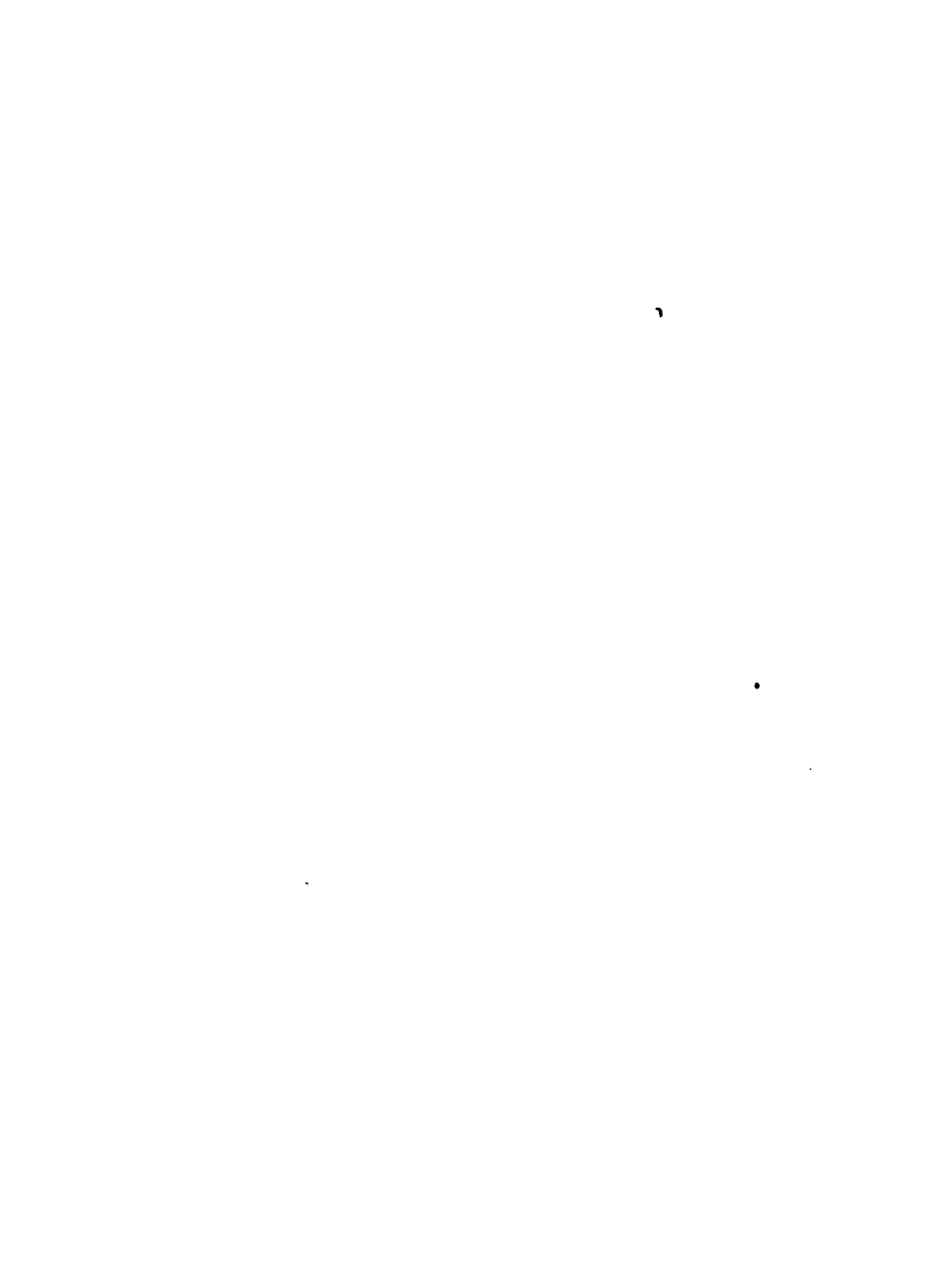
March 1904.

Tauchnitz Edition.

Latest Volumes:

3685. Barham Brocklebank, M.D. By M. Betham-Edwards.
3686/87. Place and Power. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
3688. The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland.
3689. The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling.
3690/91. A Passage Perilous. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
3692/93. The Long Night. By Stanley J. Weyman.
3694. The Yellow Van. By Richard Whiteing.
3695/96. The Heart of Rome. By F. Marion Crawford.
3697. Tea-Table Talk and The Observations of Henry. By Jerome K. Jerome.
3698/99. Mankind in the Making. By H. G. Wells.
3700. Adventures of Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle.
3701/2. Katharine Frensham. By Beatrice Harraden.
3703. The Relentless City. By E. F. Benson.
3704. An Unshared Secret, and Other Stories. By Florence Montgomery.
3705/6. My Poor Relations. By Maarten Maartens.
3707. Odd Craft. By W. W. Jacobs.
3708. Denis Dent. By E. W. Hornung.
3709. A Daughter of the Vine. By Gertrude Atherton.
3710. If Only, etc. By F. C. Philips.
3711. The Quaint Companions. By Leonard Merrick.
3712. Twelve Stories and a Dream. By H. G. Wells.
3713. Doctor Xavier. By Max Pemberton.
3714/15. The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. W. Mason.
3716. His Fortunate Grace, etc. By Gertrude Atherton.
3717/18. Shipmates in Sunshine. By Frank Frankfort Moore.
-

The Tauchnitz Edition is to be had of all Book-sellers and Railway Libraries on the Continent, price 1.60. or 2 francs per volume. A complete Catalogue of the Tauchnitz Edition is attached to this work.



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including:

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles, including:

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and titles, including:

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of names and titles, including:

5. The fifth part of the document is a list of names and titles, including:

This book should be r
the Library on or before th
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is in
by retaining it beyond the specm
time.

Please return promptly.

MAR - 1 '55 H

22415.8.19.5

The five nations /

Widener Library

003211315



3 2044 086 830 304